

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

1. THE INTERNAL RELATIONS OF EUROPE. By Francis W. Newman,	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	323
2. EARL'S DENE. Part XII,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	335
3. THOUGHTS ON QUARRELLING,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	354
4. FERNYHURST COURT. By the Author of "Stone Edge." Part III,	<i>Good Words,</i>	362
5. THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS. III. Lord Macaulay,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i>	372
6. PAPAL ROME,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i>	379
7. VILLAGE POLITICS IN FRANCE,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	382

POETRY.

IN SUMMER TIME,	322	AN AUTUMN SONG,	322
TO THE SKYLARK,	322	ON A PRAYER-BOOK,	322
THE SINGERS,	322		

SHORT ARTICLES.

NOTE ON SOME INSTANCES OF PROTECTIVE ADAPTATION IN MARINE ANIMALS,	334	VALUATION. By Arthur Helps,	361
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From the Transcript.

IN SUMMER TIME.

BY W. W. CALDWELL.

O LINDEN trees! whose branches high
 Shut out the noontide's sultry sky,
 Throwing a shadow cool and dim
 Along the meadow's grassy rim,
 How sweet in dreamy rest to lie,
 Unheeding how the moments fly;
 While woodland odors, faint and rare,
 Of fern and wild rose scent the air, —
 And hear the light winds play around
 From leaf to leaf with rustling sound, —
 And trill of bird, and insect's hum,
 And all the lulling tones that come
 In summer time.

O Linden trees! so mossy-old,
 What pleasant memories you hold
 Of early childhood, and its days
 Of frolic, sport and guileless ways;
 A time of joyance, bright and fair,
 Beneath a mother's tender care.
 And ever on, till manhood brought
 Maturer aims and deeper thought, —
 And Love arose, and life became
 All radiant with his quenchless flame,
 As here, within your shelter wide,
 We met and lingered side by side,
 In summer time.

O Linden trees! as now once more
 I live those happy moments o'er,
 And stretched at ease upon the grass,
 See picture after picture pass.
 Another, brighter vision stays
 My backward thoughts and fills my gaze;
 For look! where down yon shaded walk
 A merry troop, in cheerful talk,
 And gleeful laugh, and shout and song,
 Maud and the children pass along!
 O Lindens! tell me what could be
 More sweet to hear, or fair to see,
 In summer time?

TO THE SKYLARK.

WE call thee bird of ethereal wing —
 Morning songster — musical thing —
 Melody's child — bright bird of fame —
 Skylark — and many a pretty name.

By what do spirits of upper air
 Address thee when thou singest there?
 Have they a name more sweet than ours,
 To win thee from these earthly bowers?

Or what the appellation given,
 Thy spirit-self in fields of Heaven?
 I'd know it now, that, ere I go,
 I may speak it, Lark, I love thee so!

Tait's Magazine.

THE SINGERS

CHERRY-BLOSSOM nestled
 Sweet the thrushes sing,
 Thrushes freckle-breasted —
 Lifting heart and wing
 For joy of cherry-blossoms evermore they sing.

Comes the time of berries,
 They will sing no more,
 Feeding under cherries,
 Happy in their store,
 In the time of cherries thrushes sing no more.

Thus, O poet, singing
 In thine own delight,
 Ecstasy upspringing
 Tunes thy lips aright,
 Evermore to music shaping thy delight.

Even while thou starvest
 All thy heart is song,
 After comes the harvest,
 Comes thy fame erelong,
 But the hours of fulness are not hours of song.
 Gentleman's Magazine.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

BELOW the headland with its cedar-plumes
 A lapse of spacious water twinkles keen,
 An ever-shifting play of gleams and glooms
 And flashes of clear green.

The sumac's garnet pennons where I lie
 Are mingled with the tansy's faded gold;
 Fleet hawks are screaming in the light blue sky;
 And fleet airs rushing cold.

The plump peach steals the dying rose's red;
 The yellow pippin ripens to its fall;
 The dusty grapes, to purple fulness fed,
 Droop from the garden wall.

And yet, where rainbow foliage crowns the
 swamp,
 I hear in dreams an April robin sing,
 And memory, amid this Autumn pomp,
 Strays with the ghost of Spring.

ON A PRAYER-BOOK.

It is an armoury of light;
 Let constant use but keep it bright,
 You'll find it yields,
 To holy hands and humble hearts,
 More swords and shields
 Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.
 Only be sure
 The hands be pure
 That hold these weapons, and the eyes
 Those of turtles, chaste and true,
 Wakeful and wise.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE INTERNAL RELATIONS OF EUROPE.

HISTORY shows us abundantly how the internal relations of separate communities grow up and are extended. Whether by natural attraction or by conquest, petty principalities coalesce into a kingdom. Barons are forced to renounce the privilege of border-war. The supremacy of a single king delivers the local population from the misery of finding its nearest neighbours its worst enemies, and at the same time exalts the country in the great world by presenting it with a single front to all the powers without.

The American colonies of England, on attaining their independence, felt how helpless they would be to support the dignity of Sovereign States in the face of great European powers, unless they were federated into a Union which should deal with foreigners in their collective name. The Union, which was planned chiefly as a strength against the foreigner, gave them also the priceless benefit of deliverance from border-wars. These are the two cardinal advantages which, it is notorious to every American citizen, accrued from their federation; and to attain this, the separate States resigned to the Federal Government not only the public defence—which draws after it care for army, navy, fortresses and harbours, right of conscription and of taxation—but also the sole right of holding relations with the external world by ambassadors and by treaties. Moreover, they ceded the superintendence of the coinage, the Post Office, the Custom Duties, and other matters, to the central organ.

In India, under the British military predominance, affairs have taken a different course, but with some of the great results in common. By treaties with native princes, often signed under constraint, the British enforced that no Indian potentate should have relations with other powers except through British diplomacy; and in very many cases imposed the duty of keeping up, out of a prince's own revenues, an army for the British use. It was not always possible to forbid to the prince his private army. He maintained it, chiefly against the British Government, for the

sake of his own honour in the eyes of his people; and *secondarily* against his own barons or against the contingency of popular insurrection. But the British Government would have been pleased to see all armies disappear which were not under their own control; and, in spite of these private armies, they effectually prevent internal wars in India. Thus, in becoming the "paramount" power, we have given to India the same two advantages as republican federation gives, though the union in the case of India is extremely imperfect in several important respects. Considering how diverse in mind and temperament are English from Indians; considering also how many and how separated by language, law, and history are the natives of India; the wonder is that so great progress has been made towards blending two hundred millions of mankind into a single organic community, cognizable certainly to the foreigner as only one power.

European communities have long suffered from one another the horrible curse of war, which is more painfully felt in proportion to our refinement, our humanity, and the artificial means of livelihood. It now spreads its ruin to neutrals. Since the great French war, which may be computed from the death of Louis XVI. until the battle of Waterloo, there has been no war which can be called European in the wide sense; for even in the Crimean war—besides the four principals, Russia, Turkey, France, and England—only Sardinia was involved. Equally important is the shortening of wars. The Crimean war did but last into a third year; the Italian war of 1859 was but three or four months in length, and the great German war of 1866 was counted by weeks. The gain from this is vast; for the destruction of crops, of stores, of houses and of trees, with the discouragement of cultivation, from long wars, was a curse much greater than the loss of life in battles. But while we must not shut our eyes to the gain which has really been made—a gain which has accrued, not from our humanity nor our wisdom, but from mechanical developments,—still the evil of war in Europe is alike enormous and disgraceful. Nor has

war ever long ceased, in one country or other. Soon after the battle of Waterloo, Austria, at the call of the king of Naples, marched her armies into Naples and Sicily to overthrow the constitutional liberties of Sicily especially. The Grecian war of independence rose in 1821, and was ended by the battle of Navarino in 1827. In 1823 the Holy Alliance sent French armies to overthrow the free constitution of Spain, which has in consequence suffered conflict and misery almost to the present day. Navarino was instantly followed by the Russian war against Turkey, which ended in the prostration of the Sultan in 1829. Italy was, not indeed in war, but under perpetual warlike pressure, from 1814 to 1859. In 1830, after the French revolution which brought Louis Philippe to the throne, besides the revolt and little war of Belgium, the uprising of Poland against the tyranny of the Grand Duke Constantine took place, whence the fierce war of little Poland against great Russia, so unhappy to the weaker party. Under the policy of Louis Philippe and the English Whigs, not only was peace between the Five Great Powers sustained as previously, but after the overthrow of Poland by Russia there was a comparative lull of war in all Europe except Spain. But in 1840 Russell and Palmerston, by fighting the Syrian war against the Pasha of Egypt without consulting France, so irritated all French statesmen, that Louis Philippe had the greatest difficulty in preserving the peace with England. Nothing but the rapid and complete success of our arms saved us from the horrible calamity of a war with France. After this we may recount the crushing of the freedom of Cracow by an Austrian army, against the treaty of 1815, and without the slightest offence or pretext given by the city of Cracow; then followed in 1846 the massacres of the nobility in Galicia by the peasants, to whom the Austrian Government paid money for their heads—more if they were brought dead, less if they were brought alive. On this came the conspiracy of Austria to overthrow the constitutional liberties of Hungary; and when she was ignominiously beaten by the Hungarians in 1849, the Russians invaded

Hungary with near 200,000 men. When Austria had thus forfeited the heart of Hungary, Russia thought her time was fully come for invading Turkey; so after sounding the British Government and ascertaining that it would not oppose, she took her plunge in the summer of 1853. Lord Aberdeen's ministry dreaded nothing so much as an alliance of Turkey with Hungary, which would have taken place if the Western Powers had been inactive; for Austria was, just then, the mere tool of Russia, and was eager to get for herself Bosnia, or Servia, or Wallachia, as her reward for subservience. By talking friendship to Turkey, and acting to the damage of Turkey, in hope of putting off European war, Lords Aberdeen and Clarendon involved England in duplicity and apparent perfidy to the Turks, and thus "drifted" into war with Russia as the only means of redressing our honour. France had shared the baseness of our policy and the ignominy of the battle of Sinope; and in consequence the great Russian war was fought. Since then, we have seen the wars of 1859 and 1861 in Italy; the terrible and final war of Russia with Poland; the war of Germany with Denmark; the war of Prussia with Austria; and now, alas!—by far the greatest—the present war of France against Prussian Germany in order to undo German unity. Who can deny that war is still a terrible curse to Europe?

Yet there is nothing gained by mere talking against it, without pointing out the causes, and the direction in which a preventive is to be sought. To declaim against war in the commonplace way which confounds both combatants in common guilt, is not merely useless, but is also unjust and mischievous. In private life also (no one denies it) fights between individuals are greatly to be deprecated. There is a respectable class of people who maintain that if a man be assaulted in the street by a ruffian, he ought in no case to defend himself by retaliating violence: nay, there are those who go so far as to say, that if the ruffian attack a man's wife or child, the husband or father ought not to defend them by heavy blows—certainly not by such as may inflict death or perma-

ment hurt—but only by trying to hold his hands, and by gentle expostulation. Now while we cannot forbid such moralists to hold their own theory, they have no right to confound the case of the assailant and the defendant. Let them believe, if they must, that a nation which is invaded ought in no case to resist; to argue against that doctrine is not here needful. But if it be ever so true that it would be higher virtue in an invaded nation to act on Quaker principle, it remains clearly unjustifiable to equalize in our censure the aggressor and the repeller; or indeed to use censure at all against those whose cause is just, who yet have the calamity of suffering under aggression. Where the injustice of one side is clear, the Quaker mode of talking against war is manifestly wrong; indeed, the most thoughtful men among them avoid it. Nothing gives plausibility to it but the complications of war itself; the frequency of error, injustice or folly on *both* sides, the sufferings of neutrals, and of populations which had no voice in the war; to say nothing of suffering to the whole female sex, to children, and to thousands of horses, who die in long agony or starvation. An invaded nation has to submit to all this contingent misery. If in necessary self-defence it carry the war over to the enemy's soil, it then unwillingly inflicts the misery; but the guilt rests on the aggressor.

The causes of war are as plain as the causes of quarrel in private life. Cupidity, pride, injustice, fear, in turn excite men to aggression. It is a familiar thought, that men will fight out their private quarrels—or as it is expressed, will take the law into their own hands—unless the law-court is open to them, and a police be at hand for their defence against sudden attack. In so far as pride without cupidity may stimulate to war, it might seem that a mere resort to arbitration would suffice to keep the peace. The late Mr. Cobden, who must always be mentioned with respect, was entirely convinced that European wars could be stopped by a general agreement to abide by arbitration. His urgency won so much upon our statesman, that, on the close of the Russian war by the peace of Paris in 1856, Lord Clarendon in the name

of England initiated some important clauses, of which one avowed that the powers who signed the treaty would never thenceforward undertake war without first attempting to stay and supersede it by arbitration. England, France, Russia, Sardinia, Turkey, all signed this treaty; yet in a very few years the solemn promise proved itself to be mere wind. In 1859 two of these powers, France and Sardinia, entered upon war with Austria without first asking arbitration: and a moment's consideration will explain why. The arbitrators could only have taken the treaties of 1815 as the law to guide their decision. These treaties were forcibly imposed on France and Italy, and to Italy were flagrantly unjust, utterly pernicious. The war was only the beginning of Italian uprising against petty native tyrants, upheld by Austrian arms. If any royal arbiters could have been found to pronounce a decree against the Austrian occupation of Venice and Lombardy, and the Austrian support of Italian tyrannies, they could not expect Austria to withdraw from Italy at their command. The command itself, being a protest against the treaty of 1815, would have been fairly accepted by Austria as a virtual declaration of war. To expel her without actual war would have needed at least the threat of war from an overwhelming combination, and the assurance that no ally to Austria could be found. In his fond expectations from arbitration Mr. Cobden seems to have forgotten that arbitrators would be unable to take great moral principles as the guide of their verdict, and would have to shape it in accordance with European treaties, which were made in defiance of the rights of peoples, for the mere convenience of powerful princes.

Still, it was not unreasonable to think that, inasmuch as mere punctilious pride is sometimes the small weight, which, when thrown into the scale, turns it to the side of war, arbitration might suffice to keep the peace where the point of honour is concerned. Perhaps this has happened when the question how a treaty is to be interpreted is the only point of quarrel. War between England and the United States concerning the boundary of Maine,

and indeed concerning the boundary of Oregon, might perhaps have been incurred — merely because neither power would submit to be overruled by the other — had arbitration been impossible. No strong passion here underlay the "point of honour." But in 1862 England was put to the proof and found wanting. An American ship of war boarded an English packet vessel, which was conveying two ambassadors from the Southern insurgents, and forcibly took them out of it. If the American captain had seized the ship itself, and carried it into port for the adjudication of an Admiralty Court, the Northern Government might then have got possession of the rebel ambassadors (so the English Crown-lawyers advised the Ministry) without offence to us. But the captain, in his desire to spare the innocent English passengers the annoyance of detention, blundered as to his power of acting * *without an Admiralty Court*, and hereby violated maritime law. The English Ministry resolved to demand the instant deliverance of the ambassadors. The arsenals began to work day and night, as though war were already a reality, and the English newspapers — the *Times* pre-eminently — blew martial tones. Lord Russell, as Foreign Secretary, wrote to the Cabinet of Washington, a curt and peremptory despatch, with threat of instant war. The London Peace Society, in the midst of this excitement, sent a deputation to Earl Russell to remind him of the treaty of 1856, and implore him to have recourse, according to our solemn engagement, to arbitration before declaring war. But Earl Russell bluntly replied, that the treaty had no reference to such a case as the present, *in which our honour was concerned*. It thus appeared that the treaty was but waste paper. Even to stave off war on a mere trumpety petty point of honour, where a well-meaning naval captain had proved himself not to be a perfect sea-lawyer, the treaty was found unavailing! Bystanders will probably say that the English Ministry at that crisis desired the war, and that

their jealousy of a strong republic was at the bottom of their conduct. Be this as it may, Mr. Cobden's scheme of arbitration, to be secured by treaty, has been shown to be no stronger than a cobweb. When passions are at work, superior might, not unarmed arbitration, is needed to control them.

The magistrate who hinders private men from fighting out their quarrels is not an arbitrator whom they agree to choose, but is an official wielding the public force, who imposes his mediation upon them. So too, the king, or king's ministry, which forbids the war of baron against baron, is permanently above every local grandee, and is armed far more powerfully. We must apply the same analogy to nations. When passions are excited, no arbitration is effective unless the arbitrator is competent to enforce his decree; nay, neither combatant will allow his case to be carried into the arbitration court at all, even if enforcement of the decree be disavowed beforehand. For each fears moral damage to his cause from acting against a decree after it has been pronounced. Finally, then, the problem is not solved unless the arbitration be compulsory; in short, unless the right of private war be forbidden to the separate communities which now possess it, and be vested in far greater federations.

These considerations show what development of international institutions is *to be desired*. Unless this question be studied beforehand, we shall not be prepared to accept the desirable thing, if a crisis arise at which for a short moment it becomes possible. It is therefore quite wrong to exclude and explode a theoretical organization as Utopian and impracticable, merely because as yet we see no mode of introducing it. National developments can seldom be resolved upon, even by statesmen, much less by private men; but if they are intelligently desired, this will secure that they shall not be dreaded and rudely refused when circumstances suddenly make them possible. For Italy union was an essential condition of independence, and hereby of freedom. For three or four centuries this was not understood. Union was desirable, yet was not actually desired: hence to Italy so many centuries of foreign oppression. Joseph Mazzini, more than any other man, taught Italy to desire unity. In consequence, when 1861 arrived, the eccentric career of Garibaldi was endowed with tenfold energy, union became first possible, and presently a fact, in spite of

* This is precisely what the English naval captains habitually did during our war against old Napoleon, in which the American Union was neutral. They stopped American ships on the high seas, and (without caring for Admiralty formalities) took out of them any sailor whom, by the ruddiness or breadth of his face, they judged to be of English birth. This was one of the two causes of our second American war in 1813. Even after the war the English Government would not confess its error, or promise not to repeat the practice; nor yet in 1856, when they renounced the right of seizing neutral goods (which was the other grievance), did they renounce this right.

France, of Austria, of Spain, and of the exiled Italian princes; in spite also of the Pope and of the whole Catholic hierarchy. Again, the union of Germany under the Emperors was by no means complete. The peace of Westphalia, in order to secure safety to the Protestants, much impaired it; and the power of Prussia since Frederick the Great damaged it still more. Even so, collective Germany was too powerful to please the ambition of the first Napoleon. In order to break it up more effectively, he destroyed the very name of German Emperor, and invented the title of "Austrian Emperor" instead. Austria, by her great outlying possessions, which Germans could not admit into Germany, exercised an influence necessarily unconstitutional, and prevented any common policy from being steadily felt and upheld. Upon the peace of 1814, this evil work of Napoleon in Germany ought to have been undone, and the German empire reconstituted: but the vanity of the princes whom Napoleon had made out of electors into kings, on the one side, forbade; on the other, the antagonism of Prussia with Austria disinclined these greater powers to allow either to become the centre of empire. From 1814 to 1866 the Germans felt themselves wronged in the destruction of their formal union under an emperor. At length the union of Italy, achieved suddenly in 1861, kindled their desire to imitate the example so visibly, that the statesmen of Prussia (pre-eminently Count Bismark) resolved to strike a blow in this cause. The mode in which Prussia initiated the war of 1866 was truly difficult to defend. Any arbitration court would have been sure to condemn her; so little formal cause of war did there seem to be. The moral offence of Austria was, that her presence in Germany kept the nation weak and helpless before France and Russia. The exculpation of Prussia's boldness lay in the fact that she was aiming to unite Germany. Of the kings of Hanover and Saxony, all that Prussia asked was that they would remain neutral, but they would not.

The South Germans themselves, especially of Bavaria and Württemberg, though Catholics, and accustomed to side with Austria against Prussia, yet rallied to the cause of Prussia, the instant that the war was over. For they had discovered two things — that Prussia was aiming at German unity, and that Prussia by her energy and intelligence deserved to be head of Germany. Hence, in spite of the indis-

position of the King of Württemberg to support Prussian policy, all South Germany made with Prussia treaties of offence and defence, which virtually put their whole military force into the hands of Prussia. This was the real Act of Union. It was made possible only by the war of 1866; but even when it became possible it would not have become a fact had there not been a long previous *desire* of unity, which desire great numbers of political reasoners, who fancy themselves the only practical men, would deride (and have derided) as Quixotic and impractical. But even Hanover and Saxony are now loyal to the Prussian headship.

The time is surely come when another step of such "desire" is allowable. We may desire for Europe a *federation* of States on a far larger scale than used to be imagined, or than was possible before the era of railways and telegraphs. Mr. Cobden used confidently to say that we need not fear the preponderance of Russia, for she would be sure to break in pieces of herself before very long. It is a public fact that on one occasion he declared that Russia might easily be "crumpled up," like the sheet of paper in his hand. But, through our mechanical and chemical developments, a population of a hundred millions is wielded now by a single executive more easily than a population of five millions at the beginning of the century. Russia has peculiar sources of weakness, in her climate, in the northern course of her Asiatic rivers, in the dreary extent of her wilderness, in her frozen northern seas, and in the narrow exit of the Black Sea. To these physical facts must be added the enmity of the Poles, whether found in Poland or in Siberia, the uncertain loyalty of the Finns, and the half-developed state of the Russian population. Indeed, it can scarcely be doubted that the land question over all Russia has to be reconsidered from its foundation. The Emperors and nobles have brought in from Germany the feudal doctrine which, under our mercantile developments, presently generates the modern English ideas of landed property. But the serfs or peasants persistently hold beliefs which we are apt to call Socialist; and since the establishment of freedom this question becomes more and more urgent. There is nothing in it at all tending to dismember Russia, but it may for many years embarrass and weaken the Russian Government. It is not intended here to fan *Russo-phobia*. Russian influence over Turkey and Persia — and still more over Circassia, Independ-

ent Tartary, and Bokhara—is as desirable for humanity as the influence of England over native Indian States. Nevertheless, it cannot be forgotten that the European population of Russia is, at least, seventy-eight millions; that probably not much short of fifty millions are quite homogeneous and endowed with a common national spirit; that constitutional freedom is not yet established; that little check on the warlike tendencies of an imperial cabinet can be exercised by local opinion; finally, that in the basin of the Volga the increase of native Russian population is very rapid and steady, and never is lessened by emigration, while the vast southern region north of the Black Sea is of almost unparalleled fertility. Without doubt, we must count that the next thirty years will add at least as many millions to the European population of Russia. To anticipate that in the year 1900 they will reach one hundred and twenty millions has nothing in it extravagant. The continuous flatness of the country until the Ural Mountains are reached, with the homogeneousness of the people (except so far as the Cossacks may be thought heterogeneous), gives very little reason to imagine that this vast power will “break in pieces.” On the contrary, every ten years must add to its coherence, through the development of travelling, of merchandise, and of epistolary communication. With so vast a power lying along the east of Europe, from Finland to the Crimea, ought it not to be an axiom that a State commensurate with it in Central Europe is become (what Lord Palmerston would call) a European necessity? Internal weakness in Russia, imperfectly perhaps known to us, may suffice to save European States from her injurious pressure in the future; but in the case of Poland first, and Hungary next, they did not suffice. Evidently it is unwise to count on the weakness of Russia. In the face of such a power as she is already, and much more in the prospect of what she is sure soon to become, who that looks on Europe as a whole can hesitate to say that we need a strong Germany, and a strong Danubian power? Nay, if Germany and Austria were once more blended, and the whole of the Austrian dominions were federated with Germany, making (suppose) a mass of eighty millions, it would only suffice to keep a safe balance against Russia. No sooner did the German armies gain such successes recently as to suggest that Germany might dictate terms of peace to France, than outcries in various quarters arose that care must now be taken

lest Germany become too powerful! Yet if we look at what Russia is and must be, the real danger surely is lest it be impossible for Germany to be strong enough, now that Poland has vanished.

It is foolish, and it must be an impotent practice, to form our wishes on this subject and try to guide our policy in conformity with *English traditions*. If we are to believe some reasoners, the empire of the seas nominally and rightly belongs to England, and any State that dares to have a strong navy is our natural enemy. Hence we must intrigue and fight to prevent any great Continental power from attaining good harbours. We cannot, indeed, take from France her many harbours, but we must not let her get those of Belgium, even if Belgium ever so much desire union with France; and we must leave no stone unturned to prevent Germany from having a powerful navy. In the days of sailing ships, and before the United States had become a great power, such doctrine easily passed as wisdom, and may seem excusable. But now that we cannot exercise our old supremacy at sea, the whole doctrine is antiquated. We shall not again, as in Nelson's days, destroy the fleets of France and Spain. Italy will have her fleet; that of Austria will increase; the navy of Sweden is respectable; that of France is powerful: and is Germany alone to be without a navy? The fact is, that a State which has but a small naval population cannot have a large merchant fleet, and, therefore, has little occasion and little facility for a war fleet. Unless irritated and alarmed by the dangerous navies of other powers, and eminently by that of England, it is not likely to encounter the expense. But in proportion to the growth of a merchant navy, fighting ships are needful to protect the commerce; and it is reasonable that every seafaring power should contribute its quota of force to keep down piracy in all waters. During the eighteenth century, through the prevalence of despotism and misgovernment on the Continent, England was disproportionately powerful. This was an accidental and transitory state of relations. If, through older freedom and well-developed industry, England with thirty millions can be as powerful as France with thirty-eight millions, this is a sufficiently great achievement. With a very long sea-coast, we have a large maritime population and a powerful naval force. If at sea we are more powerful than any other nation singly, that is a great thing. But to insist that we must have fleets able to cope with

the collected navies of the world is absurdly unreasonable. To find ourselves confronted by one very powerful rival, with no other naval states at all to compare with the two, would be a very anxious position; for mutual jealousy and enmity might be naturally anticipated. But in the multiplication of powerful navies, each a little inferior to ours, our best safety is now to be found. Just so in a crowd of men, each man finds himself safe, and particularly one who is himself a very strong man; but if two strong men be thrown together, with no one at all able to control them, the contact may be evil for them both.

As the traditional idea of a needful balance of power reigns in the minds of English public men against Continental potentates, so does it reign in Continental states against the marine potency of England. We did not carry ourselves meekly when our naval supremacy was most complete. It is seen moreover how we have behaved to China, to Burma, to Japan (to say nothing of our continental wars in Asia: hence, whatever we may wish concerning it, other great nations will, for defensive purposes, have their own ships of war. The grave inconvenience is, that such a form of defence is at the same time an offence, and, if it go beyond a certain magnitude, alarms and annoys other States. This objection peculiarly lies against the navy of England; but it cannot at all attach to so moderate a navy as would be commensurate to German commerce.

The jealous doctrine concerning the Balance of Power, though it cannot be wholly discarded, needs re-analysis and modification to adapt it reasonably to present circumstances. Not to go back to the time of Charlemagne or the mediæval German emperors, we find in the history of properly modern Europe five great powers, which have excited just jealousy in the rest — Turkey, Spain, France, Austria, and Russia. Each has been a military despotism; for though Spain once had admirable institutions of freedom, she was not dangerous to Europe until they were crushed by the monarchs who had sworn to uphold them. The House of Hapsburg acted this perfidious part, alike in Spain, in the Low Countries, in Bohemia, in Hungary, and by its immense outlying resources reduced the freedom of Austria itself to a nullity. As for France and Russia, despotism rose with the very formation of the monarchies. A great military power in the hands of a despotic king is always aggressive and formidable.

The king covets subjects, of whatever race; all come alike to him. He can tax them, and he can press them into his armies, whatever their native tongue. Whether they be rude and ignorant, or refined and clever, they are equally welcome to him as vassals and slaves. Such a power, when its military superiority is unquestionable, is impelled into unlimited conquest. Of this nature have been all the celebrated empires of history, ancient or modern. We need not except the Roman Republic; for the conquered were kept as vassals, not admitted to equal citizenship; and the oligarchy which made the wars profited by the conquests. The overspreading of India by the British supremacy has many analogies to this. Against a military power which is thus based upon vassal peoples, smaller powers have no strength but in jealous alliance; obstinate wars "for the balance of power," that is, to beat down the force which is too strong, naturally follow. Indeed, when overshadowing greatness has been gained by mere conquest, to reduce it by reconquest appears *primâ facie* not unrightful. In this way all Europe combined against Turkey, Spain was pulled down and humiliated by the untiring enmity of England and France, which yet could not have succeeded but for the infatuated misgovernment of her degenerate despots. Austria in like manner, through her ferocity against Protestantism and liberty, in Germany, in Bohemia, and in Hungary, became too weak to repress the French military power, which in its turn became a public curse. In the present century Austria has been an oppression only to her own subjects and to Italy. France and Russia have been the two overbearing continental powers, peculiarly dangerous to all Europe, just because Germany was divided. A union of Germany, if allowed to coalesce, would effectually restrain the dictatorial violence of France; and therefore every Frenchman (according to Minister Rouher) felt "patriotic anguish" at those successes of Prussia in 1866 which Napoleon and his ministers had deemed impossible to be achieved except by the aid of France. Europe, previously open to pressure on opposite sides from France and Russia, gains stability as soon as a really powerful Germany is interposed.

At the same time modern Germany gives to Europe at length a first-rate military power, which, because it rests upon institutions essentially free, cannot be dangerous to its just and peaceable

neighbours. The vast armies of Germany are emphatically armies of citizen soldiers, as truly as those of Switzerland. In a war of defence we have seen how they spring forth in myriads, and how lavishly they sacrifice life. But nothing of the sort could be obtained from them in a war of aggression. (The war against Denmark must not be adduced in refutation of this remark, for it is undeniable that the Germans collectively did most sincerely believe that a German population in Holstein and in Schleswig was suffering unjust treatment from the Danish Government. It was a peculiar illusion, which can scarcely recur.) The contrast between a French and a German army is strikingly set forth in the fact that while in the German ranks every second man is father of a family, among the French it is an eminent insult for one soldier to call another "père de famille." Hence the French army is to France a moral desolation and an infamy, which has indeed been made tenfold worse by the despotic practices and fatuous theories of the French medical police. The suffering which Germany endures from the loss of life and wounds in battle, where the soldiers are taken from the heart of society and from civil occupations, has been recently insisted on in our newspapers. She cannot, as France, win victories by the sacrifice of cheap lives, and with gay heart. Surely in this all foreign States have a precious guarantee that nothing but a deep conviction of duty will make Germany undertake a grave war, and no other war seems possible to her. Moreover, the German Union will not be durable unless every State has its proportionate influence in deliberation concerning wars and foreign treaties. No central executive, no functionaries eager for new lucrative appointments, will be able to make wars and conquests for the gain and pride of their class. A nation of freemen may be covetous of fellow-citizens, but it always dreads the conquest of foreigners, who cannot be treated as equals, for in that case they easily become tools of usurpation to its high officers. An Alexander or a Cæsar is much delighted, a free people is gravely embarrassed and alarmed, by the conquest of a foreign population. Hence Europe has not to fear conquest by modern Germany so long as Germany is tenacious of her own freedom. And, in fact, her freedom is likely — nay, is certain — to grow stronger. Hitherto it has been variously repressed, by the foreign forces and religious bigotry of the Austrian monarchs, by the too great mili-

tary development of the numerous principalities, by the jealous ambition of the Prussian dynasty, and by the haughtiness of princelings who looked to Austria for support. But now that Prussia has shown that she is pre-eminently fit to be leader of Germany — now that Germany has zealously rallied to her, and rejoices proudly in its own unity — all motive has vanished from the Prussian dynasty for any jealousy or suspicion. The immense extent given to the national suffrage by the present King (high-flown as is his theory of the royal power) was a marked phenomenon of his reign. His haughty treatment of the Parliament down to the year 1866 was necessitated by his secret resolve to contend against Austria for supremacy in Germany, and has ever since been quite changed. With so very cordial a union as exists between people and prince, the time-honoured local institutions of Germany are destined to receive intelligent development, and to secure the public freedom permanently.

That there is in Germany a knot of doctrinaire republicans, who can be satisfied with nothing but the formal overthrow of monarchy, need not be denied; in fact, the same thing may be said of England. Are they numerous enough to alarm the dynasty, and goad it into reaction? Of that no sign appears. The Germans, like the Italians, even when republicans in theory, appears to value union more than republicanism. No better proof of this is needed than the return of so many republican Germans from the United States to fight in this war for the Union. This is the more remarkable, since political discontent has been in the past so powerful a motive with Germans for emigration to America. In a Germany justly united, where personal freedom of speech and action, local independence, and central energy are all reconciled, the great mass of theoretic republicans will become as harmless and as loyal as they are in England; and the few eccentric doctrinaires will be too impotent to excite fear. That the present brotherhood of war wins for Germany full freedom as well as independence of the foreigner, is, we may safely count, an axiom with every brave man who risks his life for the Union. Surely, then, if we retain some traditional zeal for the Balance of Power, it ought to be directed against Russia — supposing France to be no longer dangerous. To restrain Russia, the power of Germany, if even clearly doubled, would not be too great; for between equals calamitous war may ensue; but if Germany

could become manifestly superior, Russia would be sure to keep the peace; and it is difficult to see that any danger can arise from a free and federated Germany, however strong.

If we look to a great central European power, as having for one of its functions to repress wars, and enforce arbitration, it is evident that a vast increase of force is necessary beyond all that is at present in prospect. If wars voluntarily taken up for noble objects must be sustained out of spare energy, much more does the place of that power which is to forbid wars require a great superfluity of energy. To be able to do this within the limits of a great federation, is in itself a mighty attainment. England not unjustly boasts of suppressing war among the two hundred millions of India, although they are not by the process made capable of self-protection. The Americans of the Northern Union have sustained one terrible civil war, caused by fanatical zeal for slavery; and a chief motive with the North for fighting it to the end, was, to secure a union which should prevent all such wars in future. Surely, the wider the German Union can spread by goodwill, the greater the direct benefit from the extension of internal peace. If Germany, triumphant over France, were to invade and subdue Switzerland, in order to incorporate it with Germany, this would be a great crime, however good the end in view—however sincere the intention of treating the Swiss as equals. But it would be a blunder as great as the crime; so great a blunder as to be morally impossible. If Germany is really to cohere in freedom (and now, it seems, no successes of France can tear apart a union which is mentally accomplished, and cemented by blood), Switzerland herself would be the great gainer by joining the Union. These little powers always excite covetings in ambitious monarchs; and until France has stable freedom, with no centralized paid army at the disposal of her executive, Swiss independence is a jewel anxiously preserved only by the perpetual vigilance of armed citizens, not without aid from the jealousies of other great powers. Germany, united and free, would be a mighty attraction to Switzerland. If completely victorious over France, she may be able to enforce that France shall yield up Savoy (recently extorted from the King of Italy), and add it to Switzerland, who, without it has no safe frontier. For us, it is quite premature to say what will be possible, still less can we say what will be done;

but it is not premature to consider whether the contingency of Switzerland entering the German Union is to be looked on with fear or with desire. Surely, with desire. No little State ought to be violently suppressed; yet little States are to be deprecated, as natural marks of cupidity, which cause the danger of war. If of their own good-will they become absorbed in a neighbour State, one more stone of stumbling is removed from Europe.

Those who wish the Balance of Power to be sustained, sometimes speak as though the mere fact of becoming powerful made a State a just object of jealousy. But thus to neglect the moral aspect of the case can only lead into error. If England, or one of her colonies by wisdom and justice, became populous, rich, high-spirited, and thereby strong, such a fact is no reason for sinister jealousy, but only for zealous imitation. If Germany had never had an emperor, and until recently had been nothing but petty sovereignties, a voluntary union of these into a single great power would be a wise and just act. In fact this is the very thing that has been done in Italy. The rise of a new Great Power may be offensive and vexatious to the ambitious and unjust, but there is nothing in it to give rightful offence or to excite terror. Apparently the only way in which European wars can be suppressed is, by the successive agglomeration of free men, living under and retaining their separate institutions, into powers which have no interest in war, but every interest in peace; until unions reach such a magnitude as to be able to forbid wars of cupidity, and offer a high tribunal for the redress of international grievances. It cannot be too much pressed, that, the more heterogeneous a union, the less easily can it have a common interest in any unjust war; and, the wider the area of a union, the more heterogeneous are its interests, even if the race be the same. How unlike are the interests of California and of New York in any imaginable foreign war! How unlike even those of New Orleans and of Maine, though their ships sail into the same ocean! *If all parts of a mighty union have their proportionate weight,* in questions of war and peace, no partial and vicious expediency can actuate them in common. Justice alone is the universal good which can unite their desires and efforts, or make them collectively willing to undergo sacrifice. Hence, if the federation do not concentrate the decisive power over foreign affairs in some favoured city or some executive cabinet, the wider the

federation, the mere benign its aspect on the whole world without; especially if the populations absorbed into it are heterogeneous in character, in pursuits, and in cultivation. Nothing but the centralization of military affairs and foreign policy in Paris has made France, whether royal, republican, or imperial, a constant anxiety to her neighbours.

Instead therefore of grudging strength to the German Union, and making outcry that there is danger of its being too powerful, our part is to rejoice that at length a first-rate military power has arisen in the centre of Europe, based not on helpless vassals, but on free organized intelligent communities, who, though willing to lavish their best blood in defence, will always resist and forbid aggressive war. How far such a union will be able to extend itself, events alone can show us; yet certain circumstances permit us to speculate on interesting possibilities. The German Austrians, four years ago, were extremely incensed by their exclusion from the union, and have ever since protested against it. Inevitably their desire to return must be greatly kindled by the fact that Germany has now rallied so energetically to an eminently capable leader, fully inspired by and expressive of the national movement. The reason for the expulsion of the German Austrians was essentially dynastic. The Austrian dynasty, because of its past history, was too dangerous a rival to Prussia, and from its non-German crowns too powerful. The difficulty remains and must remain until the Austrians consent to some dynastic change. It is easy to see what changes would suffice, but impossible to guess what force is required to bring them about. This only is clear; that while the Austrian population longs to get back into the Union, the Germans of the Union are certain to be equally anxious to get them back: hence, prudence and interest alike will press upon Prussia, as the leading state, not harshly and absolutely to refuse, but to dictate terms on which the Austrians may come back, whenever the dynasty will consent. The danger to the dynasty from preferring its pride to the welfare and heart-desire of the people, cannot be small: hence in course of time it is credible that the obstacles will be overcome.

Meanwhile, Austria herself has in hand a very difficult problem—in which more success has been attained than caution dared to anticipate—to make Hungarians, Croatians, Serbians, Slovacks, and Bohemians co-operate with Austrians in

a free, yet compact, federation. Galicians might be added to the list of foreigners in the Austrian Empire. Their case is made more difficult by the offence which Russia takes, if their Polish nationality receives recognition. Within the Hungarian kingdom, the Magyars under Batthyany and Kossuth fully conceded national rights to Croatians and Serbs; and though the problem of reconciliation was interrupted by the Austrian war of 1848-9, yet the real difficulties were quite overcome. For the last four years, since Austria has resolved to make all needful concession, no collision has arisen from the heterogeneity of Magyars, Slavonians, and Roumanians. This is a highly important omen; it is an example that sameness of language is not essential to successful federation. Indeed, the harmony of French and German Switzerland is a far older and decisive illustration of the principle. Whenever the Austrians proper get back into Germany—whether on the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph, or much earlier—it seems to follow that Bohemia and Moravia, in spite of foreign tongue, must also enter the German Union. The geography of Bohemia makes the result all but inevitable. If German institutions show themselves so plastic as to admit Switzerland without shock or inconvenience—a republican federation, talking two languages, German and French—no greater difficulty will be incurred in admitting Bohemia, and it will then not be easy to set limits to the possible expansion of the German Union.

But Europe sympathizes with herself, and passes electric currents onward from nation to nation. The vigour so suddenly displayed by Germany cannot fail to act upon other nations. To France it is already intensely disagreeable, but to Italy also it will necessarily be unwelcome. Italy will, without fail, remember the invasions which she suffered from the mediæval German emperors, and is not likely to appreciate as fully as she ought the very different internal condition of modern Germany. She fears also lest Germany be not satisfied with the port of Trieste on the Adriatic, and encroachments be attempted in that quarter. Hankerings are likely soon to arise in Italy for a closer union of policy with France, and France will see in it her only chance of retrieving her lost eminence. No one can yet judge whether Republicanism or Orleanism is to rule there in the near future; but unless the French provinces regain their proportionate influence, with their local independence, no

republic will be stable, and no government can be really good. How long Frenchmen will yet take to discover this truth is very obscure. But so old in history is the antagonism between German and Italian — so bitter in this century that between German and French — that it now seems beyond a doubt that France and Italy will sympathize *as never before*; If anyone dreads that Germany will become too powerful, he may be comforted by the certainty that for thirty years to come she will be anxiously watched and variously thwarted by the combined jealousy of these two powers; even if Germany were generously to do what a German has proposed — force France to give back to Italy both Nice and Corsica. Nevertheless new war is not to be feared from this inevitable jealousy. Italy has absolutely nothing to gain from Germany, except the port of Trieste, through a war however victorious. It cannot be reasonably feared that she would ever encounter the horrors and losses of a war with Germany to gratify the pride of France. The close understanding, the *entente cordiale*, which is likely to prevail between the two countries, may prepare them for an ultimate organic union in a Western or Latin Federation, after they became republican: nor would it be astonishing if, fifty years hence, such federation were to attract into it the whole Spanish peninsula. That in the near future Europe will be attracted into more massive powers, less incommensurate to Russia and to the American Union, can scarcely be doubted; and in such a fact is the best present prospect of the banishment of wars.

A federation resting on strict justice, conceding local freedom, but suppressing local wars, and uniting its military force for national defence, is economic of military expenditure in time of peace in proportion to the magnitude of the populations federated. Since it is in the same proportion energetic in the public defence, the knowledge of this constrains foreigners to keep the peace. The advantage being so great, such a federation must exercise an attractive power on all smaller communities which are in contact with it, as soon as the difficulties attendant on a foreign language are overcome. If the Bohemian language prove no obstacle to Bohemia entering the German Union, neither need any other heterogeneity of race and language be a fatal impediment. But even when the desire of union is greatest, it may be made impossible by the imperial pretensions, not of a dynasty,

but of a people. If Holland had no possessions beyond her own narrow soil, nothing would be so natural or so beneficial to her as to take her place within the German Union: but unless she established her Asiatic colonies under an independent sovereignty, it is probable that German statesmen would refuse to receive her. The responsibility and effort of defending distant and scattered dependencies, is too anxious and too great: and to have any subject population which is not on the footing of equal citizenship is a very evil precedent for such a federation. Under old Napoleon the great powers envied England for her colonies, which were imagined to be a grand source of riches and of strength: but Germans now thoroughly understand, that they are a result of naval strength, not a cause.

From a strong Germany one very great advantage here contemplated is a security to Europe against an aggressive Russia. But for this reason it will necessarily be an offence to the more ambitiously patriotic Russian statesmen, who will do whatever diplomacy can do to prevent it. The severe lesson which France is giving to other powers will not encourage Russia to go beyond intrigue and murmuring at the resolution of Prussia to make the Vosges Mountains, as of old, the boundary between Germany and France, which does but reclaim what Louis XIV. rent from Germany by perfidy and violence. With the history of Louis XIV. before him, it seems incredible that the Emperor Alexander II. would interfere against his kinsman the King of Prussia in favour of France; yet the Russians are already much mortified at the rising power of Germany. Already they pretend that it threatens their Baltic provinces, in which a sensible amount of German population is mingled. In such newspaper wrangling the bark is worse than the bite; nor is it well to make too much of it. Hitherto the diplomacy of Russia during this war has been quiet and reasonable, consistent with the belief that she wishes success to Germany, as the party injuriously assailed, and is fully aware that Germany must have stronger guarantees than French justice against a renewal of war. Still, however well affected the Imperial family, Russia collectively has long been proud of her overshadowing greatness, and will inevitably dislike any power which threatens to become her military equal. England need not fear that Germany in the future will have too easy a time of it. With Russia on one side of her, Latin Europe on the other — to say nothing of Dan-

ish resentment, which perhaps may subside — Germany will have a great task, and is in no danger of being too strong for it. Surely for England the policy is prudent and enlightened — for which we need not claim generosity — to applaud the develop-

ment of the German Union, and to wish with all our hearts that it may become more and more aggrandized by the willing adhesion of free peoples.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.

NOTE ON SOME INSTANCES OF PROTECTIVE ADAPTATION IN MARINE ANIMALS

THE various phenomena of mimicry and protective adaptation have recently received much attention, notably from Messrs. Darwin, Bates, and Wallace, and some very interesting facts and reasonings on the subject are contained in the recently published "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection" by the last-named author. It can scarcely be needful to explain at much length the nature of the phenomena in question. Well-marked instances of mimicry are not very common; some of the most surprising are those of the leaf and stick insects of the Tropics, which it is almost absolutely impossible, when at rest, to distinguish from dead leaves and twigs. The importance of these resemblances, in conferring protection from attack, will be at once evident. Commoner instances of adaptation, which may indeed be noticed wherever we turn our eyes upon the animal creation, are those of more or less complete resemblance of colour between the animal and its surroundings. The most remarkable instance of this kind which has come under my own observation is perhaps that of the caterpillar of the Emperor moth (*Saturnia pavonia minor*), which, with its green ground and brilliant pink spots, is almost undistinguishable from the heather upon which it frequently feeds.

Numerous instances of this kind amongst terrestrial animals might be brought forward, but less attention has been paid to similar points in the less highly-organized of marine animals. They are, for the most part, much less easily observed in their natural haunts, and their habits and the dangers to which they are exposed are of necessity imperfectly understood. We may note, however, that fishes very commonly assume the colours of surrounding objects; the flounder is almost exactly the colour of the sand on which it lies, and fishes which bask amongst groves of seaweeds are often of brilliant and variegated colours corresponding very much with the vegetation around them.

The two instances which form the subject of this notice came under my observation while dredging in June last in the Frith of Clyde. In one spot the dredges brought up many plants of *Laminaria*, with their roots, which consist of a conical mass of contorted and intertwined fibres about a line or two in diameter; amongst these were imbedded quantities of nullipores — a calcareous seaweed of the genus *Melobesia* — (*M. calcarea*). The larger weed had, in fact, grown in a bed of the nullipore, which came up

abundantly in the dredge, and indeed now forms on a closely adjacent part of the coast a raised beach of several feet in thickness. Amongst the nullipore which matted together the *Laminaria* roots were living numerous small starfishes (*Ophiocoma bellis*), which, except when their writhing movements betrayed them, were quite undistinguishable from the calcareous branches of the Alga; their rigid, angularly-twisted rays had all the appearance of the coralline, and exactly assimilated to its deep purple colour, so that though I held in my hand a root in which were half a dozen of the starfishes, I was really unable to detect them until revealed by their movements.

The second instance is that of a shellfish, *Lima hians*. This beautiful mollusc is well known frequently to construct for itself a nest — a long tube lined with byssal fibres and covered externally, after the manner of a caddis-worm, with nullipores, stones, shells, or probably any material which lies conveniently at hand. We may perhaps account for a habit so different from that of other mollusca by the following considerations :—

The animal is an exceedingly showy one, more so than almost any other British mollusc, having two valves of snowy white, from between which are protruded long tentacular fringes of a brilliant orange or vermillion hue; when alarmed, it darts, or almost, as one might say, flies, in a fitful manner through the water, showing its gorgeous colours very conspicuously — so that indeed in the Channel Islands it has acquired the name of "Angel's Wings." Other mollusca, such as some of the Pectens, are brilliantly coloured, and live without the protection of any nest, but their shells are very strong and close firmly, so that they could not easily be masticated by ordinary fishes. The shell of the Lima, on the contrary, is very fragile, and would easily be dealt with by fishes which are accustomed to devour wholesale crabs and other hard-bodied creatures. It is, therefore, easy to believe that the two characters of tenderness and brilliant colouring would speedily ensure the extinction of the species were it not protected in some extraordinary manner such as that of the concealment afforded by a nest. Mr. Wallace has shown, in a very interesting manner, how birds of brilliant plumage build nests of a character adapted for concealment during incubation, and it seems to me that the similar habit of the Lima may probably be referred to the same cause.

Nature.

PART XII.

CHAPTER IX.

ANGÉLIQUE waited for the return of Félix in vain. At last, however, it was so evident that all chance of his coming back was over for that night at least, that she made up her mind to pass the time till morning where she was: an arrangement to which Marie's landlady, whose mind was filled with nameless and impossible visions of terror, in which orange-peel, though it was now the summer, held a conspicuous place, made no objection. But she was never a very sound sleeper at the best of times; and on this occasion she found repose out of the question, even though, for once, she would have been only too glad to have forgotten herself altogether. It must be remembered that her love for Marie was real and genuine, even although the spire of its shrine was in general overshadowed by the tower of the cathedral that she had raised to her own self. Not knowing either what Félix or what Warden knew, and being perhaps more ready to suspect the extreme of evil even than most people are—for trust in human nature, if it be not altogether an act of folly, is still incompatible with such absence of foolishness as hers—she saw in the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Marie the most terrible end of all. In a word, she more than suspected Warden of having actually carried out what had in fact only passed through his mind. As soon as morning came she went straight to where Félix lived; but he had not been in all night. Then she went to Golden Square; but Prosper had gone out early, leaving word that the hour of his return was uncertain. Then she did what it might have occurred to some women to do first of all: she went to Cursitor Street, of which her husband was still an unwilling colonist.

He had been reading the "Trumpet" all the morning; and, as usual, instead of skimming its cream as formerly, in the space of a cup of coffee, had read it through from the first birth to the last auctioneer's advertisement, as a man does who knows that, when he has read his newspaper, nothing will be left for him to do but to read it through all over again. It is wonderful how a man will cling to his newspaper when it is the only link left that binds him with the great world. Hugh read with far more interest than he would have taken in the realities, accounts of debates that concerned him not, of budgets that made him neither richer nor poorer,

of parties to which he was not invited, and of marriages of acquaintances in which the modern fashion of "no cards" was anticipated for him alone. It did not even concern him that "we understand that there is to be no contest for the representation of Denethorp. Mr. Prescott has not announced his retirement; but his active canvass has ceased, and it is considered certain that he will not go to the poll. Unless, therefore, as is exceedingly improbable, a new candidate should appear at the last moment, Mr. M. Warden will be declared duly elected at the nomination, which is fixed for the 29th instant. Mr. Warden, who will support the government, is a Fellow of St. Margaret's College, Cambridge, and a native of the town that he will represent."

"Angélique," he exclaimed, throwing down the paper as she entered the room, "I cannot stand all this any more. When I can once get of this there will be nothing for it but to enlist; and you must go back to Miss Raymond, if she will have you. There are plenty of better men than I turn troopers, I believe; and, if one did one's duty one might get one's commission after a while, especially if there should be a war. I have done my best, and the game has gone against us. I've been thinking about it all night, and there's absolutely nothing else left to do."

Under ordinary circumstances the idea would not have displeased her. But now she had something else to think of. In a few words as she could she gave him a full account of her facts and of her fancies. Her story seemed to hang together well—better even than she had herself fancied. But to Hugh it seemed incredible. Unlike her, he was not prone to think extreme evil; and the thought of murder is always incredible to any but policemen—at least until it has developed into deed.

"You must be wrong," he said. "There can be no such villain in the world."

But the old legal test of "*Cui bono?*" upon which every one acts, consciously or unconsciously, and whether he is a lawyer or no, was only too applicable in this case. In a word, Marie had disappeared from the world, her husband was to marry Alice Raymond, and scarce anything was wanting but the *corpus delicti* to bring the case fairly home.

"I cannot believe it," he went on; "but it must be looked into, for Warden's sake as well as Marie's. She may—she must yet be found. I do not believe that any one can disappear without leaving traces of some sort. But what can I do here?"

Angélique, *I must get away from this place. Can we make no arrangement, if only for a time?*"

Every one knows the saying, "Talk of the devil." Every one accuses that luckless personage, who has to answer for everybody's ill-luck besides his own, of being the father of all evil; and so it must logically follow, on the strength of the proverb that teaches that money is the fount and origin of all evil, that money and the devil are one. Hence, as often happens among doctors, there is a conflict of doctrine. On the one hand, speech of the devil brings about the projection of his horns; on the other hand, it is only too certain that one may talk of money as much as one pleases without thereby even raising so much as the shadow of a farthing's ghost. Probably Lester himself would have agreed with the great Cornelius, who, when some Wagner or other persuaded him to raise the devil,

"In the startled student's face
He threw — an empty purse."

But there is no rule without an exception. One may occasionally take the devil's name in vain without even seeing so much as the tip of a single horn; and it did once, at least, happen that speech of money had the same effect as that which comes from reciting the *Pater-noster* backwards.

It came about in this wise. A letter — in itself now an unusual event for one to whom every post used in the old times to bring a mass of correspondence of all sorts and kinds, from the scrawl of the Dene-thorp voter to the scarcely more legible scrawl of a fine lady — was brought to him by the hands of the young lady the hue of whose hair had excited Dick Barton's admiration. It contained two things. One of them was a blank cheque signed by Miss Clare; the other was the following, in the handwriting of Miss Raymond: —

"DEAR MR. LESTER, — I am sorry to have to tell you that Miss Clare was taken very ill suddenly, last night. We are in much anxiety about her. She has expressed a strong desire to see you, and I hope that you will be able to come at once. She bade me send you the enclosed, in order that there may be no delay. — Believe me, yours truly,

"ALICE RAYMOND."

There was certainly no occasion for Hugh to feel over-delicate now, even where money was concerned. At all events, Angélique had no scruples, and looked at the blank cheque, payable to bearer, with glistening eyes. She had learned the value of money by this time, and had discovered the extent to which the

touch of Mammon may bring consolation, even for the loss of a sister.

"Oh, Hugh," she exclaimed, "she will forgive you at last! and I shall not have been your ruin, after all!"

Hugh, however, looked very grave indeed. "Her forgiveness will not bring me much happiness if this is my doing." He was looking at the letter, not at its enclosure. "But I must see her. How much will it want to get me out of this? I am detained by so many that I do not know how I stand."

She made a rapid calculation. A very little, comparatively speaking, would suffice to set him free, at least for the present. Fifty pounds, she had told Marie. But she was not going to lose her opportunity, and so she said, —

"You will want not less than twelve hundred pounds. Shall I fill it up at once?"

"Yes."

"And I will cash the cheque at once, and settle. Shall I?"

"As soon as possible. I must not stay here a moment longer than I can help."

So, after another short calculation as rapid as the first, she filled up the cheque for three thousand pounds. It was altogether a good day's work for her. What-ever might happen now, she was secure of a capital to start with for the present, even though Miss Clare's death without a will in her husband's favour might oblige her to begin the world again, and to fight its battle alone. At all events, she would not be without capital, even should she fail in her hope for better things. Perhaps had Miss Clare known which was the acting partner of the firm, she would not have left it to Hugh to fill up the piece of paper that was to be his passport to freedom.

It was evening before Hugh left Curst-or Street behind him, and was fairly on his way to his aunt's house. The door was opened by a footman who did not know him, and who told him that Miss Clare was too ill to be seen.

"I am Mr. Lester — Miss Clare's nephew. Is Miss Raymond with her?"

"Miss Raymond is with her, sir, and Mr. Warden."

"Please to let Miss Raymond know that I am here."

He waited down-stairs for a few minutes, and then there entered to him, not Miss Raymond, but Mark Warden.

"The servant told me of your visit, Lester," he said; "but I fear it is too late."

A few hours since Warden was the very man whom of all others he wished to see. But this was no time for him to attend to Marie's concerns, now that his aunt was dying.

"You do not mean ——" he began.

"I am grieved to tell you that I fear we must make up our minds to the worst. It seems to be some kind of stroke or other; and that, in her state of health —— Dr. King has been with her, and we expect him again hourly. But the worst of it is the view that she herself has taken of her condition. She has just had a long interview with Mr. West ——"

"The solicitor?"

"Yes —— and she has been apparently terribly fatigued and excited."

"I must see her, if possible."

"I fear it is impossible. Any sudden shock ——"

"Does she know I am here?"

"No. That is why I came down to you. She is now quiet and resigned. The sight of you would disturb her dreadfully after all that has happened."

"But she wished to see me."

"I am afraid the wish is over. You could do her no good, and you might do her a great deal of harm. I do not mean that all hope is over —— far from it, thank God —— but ——"

"I suppose I may see Miss Raymond?"

"Miss Raymond is with her. Even I dare not disturb Miss Clare by going into the room."

Warden was beginning to play the part of master of the house a little prematurely; at least so it seemed to Hugh, who, disinherited as he was, could not see that anybody had so good a right to give orders in it as he.

"Even you?" he asked. "Then I will take the responsibility." He rang the bell. "Go up," he said to the footman, "and tell Miss Raymond that Mr. Lester is here."

The man looked at Warden.

"Do you hear?" repeated Hugh; "or must I go myself?"

"And make a scene in a dying room?" asked Warden.

"Yes, if you do not let me go quickly. Miss Raymond told me to come; and unless she herself, with her own lips, tells me to go away again, I must remain. One would think, Warden, that you had some desire to keep me away."

"Oh, not the least. Her will is made, if that is what you are thinking of. But, if you make imputations, go up quietly, John, and let Miss Raymond know that Mr. Lester wishes to see her. Do not disturb

Miss Clare. You will be responsible, Lester, if anything should happen. I have done what I could."

"By all means."

The two remained without exchanging another word until Miss Raymond came in, who, it was plain, had passed a night of watching. She did not look at Warden, but held out her hand warmly to Hugh.

"Come up-stairs," she said. "I thought you would never be here. She is better, and has not mentioned you; but I can see that she is longing for you. This is no time for pride. Come."

"But is it prudent ——" began Warden.

Neither said a word, and they left the room together.

But Miss Clare did not by any means look like a dying woman when Hugh entered her room. On the contrary, her eyes were brighter and her colour warmer than they had been for many a long day. She was not even in bed, as he had expected to find her, but was sitting upright —— she always sat upright —— in an arm-chair.

It was altogether so different from what he had looked to find, that he paused for an instant upon the threshold of the room. And he felt the full influence of the awe in which he had always stood of her from his childhood, when he once more, after so long, found himself actually in her presence. Indeed the awe was increased; for, in spite of appearances, he could not but know that he was also in the presence of approaching death.

But if there was no sign of death in her looks, so was there none in her voice. She spoke firmly, though with a constrained effort, as he went to her and took her hand.

"I thought you would come, Hugh."

"You wished to see me, aunt, and so I came. I would have been here some hours ago, but ——"

"I know. Never mind that, I suppose that you have been told that I am dying; but I am not so fortunate. The blow that ought to have killed me is over long ago. I think it has numbed me, so that I can now feel nothing more as I ought to feel. I have not brought you here, either, for what perhaps you might expect ——"

"Aunt!"

"My dear," she said to Miss Raymond, "will you leave us for a few minutes? I have something to say to Hugh ——"

Alice left the room, and Miss Clare continued, ——

"Hugh, when you disregarded my wishes, with your eyes open, there was

nothing for me to do but to let you take the whole consequence of your folly. I had passed my word, and I was bound to keep it, be the consequences what they might; and you must have expected me to do so. I disinherited you at once, as you must have imagined. But it seems that I was wrong. You were not disinherited, for you never had anything to inherit."

"Aunt, before you go on, tell me that though you punished me you still felt kindly towards me."

"Does a mother ever feel unkindly to her child, however weak and undutiful? No, Hugh; I felt no more unkindly towards you then than I feel now—now, when I ask you to be once more my son."

"Once more your son! You forgive me, then?"

"Wait. I do not forgive you, for there is nothing to forgive. What was a gross *mésalliance*—forgive me, but you know what I think about it—what was a gross *mésalliance* on the part of the heir of Earl's Dene is but of little moment on the part of one with no fortune and with his way in the world to make. I ask you to be my son, not my heir. Here is my will, which I have had drawn up by Mr. West this morning. I wish you to read it."

He read:—

"This is the last will and testament of me Anne Letitia only child of Richard Colvil Clare late of Earl's Dene in the County of—Esquire and of Letitia his wife both deceased and relict of Louis Maximilian Victor Marquis of Croisville in the Kingdom of France I give and bequeath —"

He looked up at her wonderingly; but she only signed to him to proceed.

Then followed bequests of personal property for the benefit of the poor of her own parish and of Denethorp, to the hospital at Redchester, to some old servants, to Mr. White, her Denethorp solicitor, and to the vicar of her parish. Then followed a legacy of £10,000 to Hugh himself, and of some jewellery to Alice Raymond. And then he read,—

"And with the exception of and subject to the said bequests I give grant bequeath and devise absolutely to my only son Félix de Croisville otherwise called Félix Créville all the estate of which I am possessed at the time of my death whether real or personal of every kind whatsoever and I direct that he shall bear the name and arms of Clare together with and in addition to his own and I appoint the said

George White Hugh Lester and Félix de Croisville executors of this my will."

Naturally Hugh was unable to utter a word. He could but stare at this strange document in blank amazement.

"It is all true, Hugh," she said. "When I accompanied your father and mother to Paris, I became acquainted with that Marquis de Croisville, of whom you have doubtless read and heard as a leading spirit among the politicians of that time—of the time of the Revolution. He was the very ideal of what my dreams were then—a noble, but a democrat—a gentleman, but a philosopher, as we used to call men of his ideas. I was to be to him another Madame Roland."

"We were together to become the apostles and prophets of the religion of liberty, first in France, and afterwards of the world. You have no doubt read of him as an ambitious man—and he was so. But that was no fault in my eyes. Well, I joined my life with his, and—need I say it?—without becoming a wife in any way that would be recognized by law. Do you understand me? It was the age of Reason, as we then called it—of blasphemous rebellion, as I call it now. I had one child, this Félix. Not that I named him so. I thought him lost: I thought he had perished with his father in that ravine in the Jura. You have read the fate of the Marquis de Croisville?"

"How in escaping to the frontier across the mountains with his wife he fell over a precipice?"

"That is a matter of history. But history knows none of the details, nor even do I. They are known to God alone; for I was ill and unconscious. When I awoke I was without either my husband or my child. Two men who found me there discovered the fate of the Marquis; and I could only suppose that he had carried the child with him to find for it a place of shelter. How I cursed the strength that had enabled me to survive that night!"

"And then?"

"The strength that kept me alive served me: it enabled me to recognize the justice of God. I wished to die; but I vowed that if I lived, it should be to expiate, so far as I could, my sins of disobedience to my father, of rebellion against one whom God had anointed king, and of my contempt of all His laws. It was I who had tried my utmost to bring Him into contempt, and a whole nation into wickedness and misery; it was I who had destroyed my husband, and, as I thought, my child;

it was I who — I know it too well — caused the death of my father; it was I who had brought disgrace upon a stainless name. I scarcely know how it was that I was saved. I made no effort to save myself, but daily declared myself once more a royalist and a Christian. I was carried first to Besançon and then to Paris, where I lay in prison, and as it were upon the very steps of the guillotine. Had the fall of Robespierre been but a day later, I should have mounted them in reality. I could not but believe that my vow had been heard."

"And —"

"You know what my life has been since then. I remained with my father till he died, and I have always for his sake, and for that of all whom I had injured, kept my disgrace secret from the world. Since his death I have tried to do all for the cause of order and of religion that a woman may; and in you, Hugh, I endeavoured to train one who would do for it all that may be done by a man. And then —"

Hugh bent his head with shame. It is a fearful and wonderful revelation when one whose life has been entirely upon the world's surface, who has but lived, and enjoyed, and loved, and suffered like other men, knowing no depths of passion or of sorrow deeper than it is given to most men to know, is suddenly admitted behind the scenes, and to secret depths which scarcely one eye in a million ever beholds. What had been his sorrow compared with her anguish — his disappointment with her despair? Beside her he felt immeasurably little. He understood her now; and he was borne down by a consciousness that, in the presence of a tragedy like hers, he ought to have found it as easy to sacrifice his love as for a child to give up a toy.

It was of course impossible that any of this could express itself in words. But his voice expressed much, though he only said, after a long pause, —

"So Felix Créville is your son?"

"In that sense. And he must not be made to suffer for his mother's sin — do you understand? Had I not sinned he would have been the heir to Earl's Dene. But, Hugh, though I can do him justice, I cannot transfer to him the love of a mother that may be his of right, but that I had long since given away. And since I cannot transfer to him what I have given to you, that makes me all the more bound to do him justice."

"My dear mother! — I do indeed understand!"

"It is said that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. But that has always seemed to me a hard saying; and it is not for a mother to knowingly make herself the instrument of God's justice upon her son. And it surely is not for me, the sinner, to make others suffer through my own sin."

Hugh meanwhile had knelt beside her and taken her hand.

"No," she went on, "it is you that must be my son while I live. And say no word to any one. Our name must not be stained by scandal; and when I am dead let my act of justice be considered an old woman's caprice. You will be able to say that you know the circumstances; and if you acquiesce, so must all who have less claim upon me than you."

"I will indeed, dearest mother! I threw up Earl's Dene for the sake of love and honour long ago; and now I let it go willingly — gladly. But is it my part to be your son now? Has not Felix —"

"Yours only. Who can be so but you?"

"You do indeed forgive me, then? If I had only known —"

"And you will be content with my forgiveness and with my help while I live, and with nothing more?"

"More than content, dearest mother! And I will strive to be all that you would have me be. And Angélique —"

Her face grew hard again. "I once said that you must choose between Miss Lefort and Earl's Dene. Of course I cannot say now that you must choose between her and me. I must not come between the husband and the wife; but that is no reason why the wife should come between the mother and the son. It is but a poor sort of affection that needs constant companionship; and I must spend the rest of my days alone. To that I have made up my mind. But oh, Hugh, you cannot think it part of your duty to her to refuse to give me the comfort of the only affection for which I care? You will not, because I cannot reconcile myself to her, forbid me to help you to the best of my power to aid you in any career that you may choose — to let me hear of your success from yourself? Surely, though they may be parted, a mother and a son may be in heart and in truth a mother and a son still?"

The hardness had departed both from her voice and from her eyes when she had finished. They even seemed to plead to him in a way that filled him with pity,

and made him feel that henceforth their relation was to be reversed; that it was she who had to lean upon him, and not, as of old, he upon her.

"It shall be so indeed, mother," he answered. "I never meant, much as I loved Angélique, to break myself from you."

"And now," she went on, "when I die—which must in the common course be before very long—I shall feel that I have done all that it has been permitted me to do. I shall leave London again on Friday. Come and see me to-morrow, and we will talk about your plans. Now I must rest. I never felt the need of rest before; perhaps the need may be the promise."

CHAPTER X.

WITHOUT again meeting either Miss Raymond or Warden, and bewildered by what he had heard and seen, Hugh at once returned straight to Angélique. It is certainly not strange that speculation as to the fate of Marie had a little passed out of the minds of both of them. Hers was filled by revived hopes of victory and vengeance; his by the history of Miss Clare—a history that, had he heard it from any other than herself, would have appeared incredible. A man who is young both in years and in nature does not look to find a life-tragedy in the career of an old lady who has apparently lived alone all her days, and has never, within the memory of a whole generation, been more than fifteen miles from home. He was by no means of a romantic or imaginative tendency; but what he had heard had set such springs of romance and of imagination as were his fairly open, and he had caught a full glimpse of a real tragedy of human life such as he could otherwise never have conceived. He had at once been plunged to the very depths of sympathy. He could not only see but feel that her whole life, so outwardly tranquil, had been one of suffering incalculable, which had been by the very strength of the nature that had had to bear it rendered more incalculable still. Her very energy had drawn its sustenance, if not its birth, from suffering; and what had seemed the natural development of an active nature, had turned out to have been but the unnatural effort of one that had been stifled prematurely. There had always been much real sympathy between these two; but now sympathy had subdued awe, and drew strength and depth from compassion for a soul that has had to bear its load in silence and alone. Of course it was now

his main duty to assist her, with all his strength, in redeeming by what seemed to him as well as to her an obvious piece of justice, anything that touched the honour that was no less dear to him than to her. There was only one thing of which he was incapable. Filled as he was with pity and a sort of reflected remorse, it is still always a relief when secrets are over and barriers thrown down; and he was always incapable of observing the reserve of the eyes. His heart was lightened of a great load, and the expression of his face in consequence misled Angélique very considerably. What she read in it was the result of good news indeed, and she supposed that the news was good for her.

"Well?" she asked, anxiously.

"Thank God," he said, "we are friends again!"

"And how is she? Better, I trust?"

"I was led to expect to find her dying; but, on the contrary, I found her apparently well and strong."

Angélique's face fell, ever so little.

"And she has forgiven you?"

"I hope fully; and, my poor child, I hope, too, that your troubles are over now. How well you have borne them! so well that you have scarcely allowed me to feel unhappy about you, and for the life into which I led you."

"O Hugh, dearest, I am so very, very glad! Do not think about me—love makes up for all! I have cost you nothing, then, after all—not your aunt's affection—not even Earl's Dene!"

"Oh, as to that, Earl's Dene is gone; that was gone long ago. But what then? I shall be able to make a career now, and we shall be rich enough to be happy."

She looked at him blankly.

"What! Earl's Dene still gone?"

"Yes; my aunt showed me her will."

"And yet she has forgiven you? I do not understand."

Hugh, as must have been seen, was one of the most unsafe men in the world with whom to intrust a secret; for he was one of those whose confidences are his wife's also. If he had ever dreamed of keeping anything in the world from Angélique it was not likely that she would not have found it out in time; and in fact he never did dream of keeping anything from her. He read the prophecy literally, that "They twain shall be one flesh," and even extended it beyond its literal interpretation.

"Yes," he said, "in such a way that I cannot refuse such aid as she may still give me. But to Earl's Dene I have no claim. It is not you that have lost it to

me, my darling; it must have gone from me anyhow."

"What! and you have seen her will? It is to be Miss Raymond's, then?"

"No; not Miss Raymond's."

"Surely not Mark Warden's?"

"Warden's? Surely not. What put him into your head of all people in the world? what right would he have to come between me and my aunt?"

"And she has no relations but you?"

"So we thought; but we were mistaken. She has the nearest relation in the world — she has a son."

"A son? Miss Clare a son?"

"She herself did not know it till yesterday. It is a strange story — almost incredible. It is Félix Crévillé."

"Félix? — Félix Crévillé the son of Miss Clare? Are you laughing at me?"

"Laughing, Angélique? On the contrary, wonderful as it is, it is true. When she was a girl she was — privately married — to the Marquis de Croisville or Crévillé — there seems some vagueness as to the name — who died in the French Revolution. This Félix Crévillé is their son."

"He? How should he be her son — a mere adventurer —"

"You may well wonder, but —"

"I do not believe it; it cannot be true. I have known Félix —"

"It is proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. A lawyer would be satisfied. There is proof and to spare."

"And you submit to such a monstrous imposition —"

"Angélique!"

"Yes — to such a monstrous imposition? You see her, she forgives you, and yet she leaves everything to an adventurer —"

Hugh looked at her amazed. But he was anything but clear-sighted where Angélique was concerned. "But his being an adventurer," he said, "does not prevent his being her son."

"But her real child? Her child in marriage?"

"But even then —"

"I see — and you submit to her leaving Earl's Dene to a bastard!"

"Angélique, it is I who do not understand. She has an entire right to dispose of her property just as she pleases, without any one interfering or complaining. My only claim to it depended upon her own will and pleasure, and, of course, I must resign any claim that I might fancy I had in favour of one who has a right to it beyond all living."

"And be content with barren forgiveness!"

"I should have been content with even so much as that. But did I not tell you —"

"And she has left you nothing?"

"Ten thousand pounds."

"That is nothing. It is not four hundred a-year."

"It is not very much, of course; but it is clear that the election could not have left her much to leave without damaging the estate; and then there is the chance of another contest, too. That she has done as much for me as she can do without wronging her heir I am as sure as that I stand here."

And he was right. Could Miss Clare have made her inclination square with what she considered to be her duty as mistress of Earl's Dene, Hugh would even yet have been a rich man. But, though she was not always just, she had at least the merit of never being just by halves, whatever might be the cost to her and hers.

But Angélique took a different view of the matter. "Four hundred a-year!" she repeated; "and meanwhile?"

"There are plenty of things — the army, for instance."

"The army!"

"Do you not like the idea? Or there is the church — or there must be something or other."

O hunchbacked shadow, who every day, every hour, art returning to remind us of that world of beasts and birds in which every man finds his own likeness, every man his own story! Thou didst not write fables, if a fable is but another word for a lie. The dog bearing the meat did not only cross the running stream of thy fancy, but is every moment crossing the streams of all our lives, and grasping at the thousand shadows reflected in them as they flow.

It once happened that a youth was sent out by his good fairy into a ripe field of corn that was waiting for the harvest, and was told beforehand that his future good fortune should be in proportion to the number of ears borne by the single ear that he should pluck therein, — only he must pluck but once, and no more. By the gate through which he entered stood tall stalks that had borne an hundred-fold: but he saw how the red and golden field stretched before him, acre after acre, and he thought, surely there must be finer ears than these; peradventure I shall come to where the stalks have borne a thousand-fold. Then he went on till he came to where they had borne fifty-fold: and he thought, surely here must be a space of

poor soil; I will tarry till I reach the taller stalks again. Then he went on till he came to where they had borne but tenfold; and these he scorned. Then he came to where they grew in patches, bearing scarce two-fold: and at last, after passing by a few withered straws bearing perhaps a single mildewed grain, he went out as empty as when he went in.

And so would Angélique, had she but plucked her first straw and held it fast, have been the lady of Earl's Dene after all; and it is by no means impossible that the memory of certain passages of the old time made her feel, now, that she would just as soon have been so under the name of Mrs. Créville, as under that of Mrs. Lester. But, as things were, to have to look forward to the day when she might take rank as the wife of a half-pay major as the summit of her hopes—it was simply intolerable. She guessed only too truly what Hugh meant by a career, whether in the army or elsewhere; and she had not by any means such belief in him as to believe him fit to do anything but live upon ten thousand a-year.

No wonder, therefore, that the poor girl lost her temper when she thought of the full, ripe ear of wheat that might have been hers. She must have done so sooner or later, and it had been long upon the ebb. And now unutterable contempt was added to her disappointment.

"Grand Dieu!" she exclaimed outright, with flashing eyes and at an incisive pitch of voice that is peculiar to agitated macaws and exasperated Frenchwomen—"Grand Dieu, that I should be tied for life to a fool!"

CHAPTER XI.

Of course there were plenty of rumours about Marie's disappearance, both in the profession and elsewhere, each and all of which were founded upon authority of the highest, and proof of the most irrefragable kind, to account for a step on her part which seemed altogether unaccountable. A successful artist does not throw up the prospect of a career such as hers promised to be for nothing; nor can a woman of flesh and blood suddenly disappear from the world in these supernatural times without a natural cause.

One rumour was—of course—that she had gone off to the Continent with a certain notorious *roué* and spendthrift; the evidence being that she had been seen dining at a hotel, at Dover, in his company, on the evening on which she had been due in Park Lane.

A second was—also of course—that her companion had not been the *roué* aforesaid, but a married and intensely respectable man of high rank and great wealth, with whom she had been seen on board a steamer at Liverpool, at the same hour of the same evening.

A third, that the immaculate Marie had, on her way to a concert, been suddenly attacked in a hackney-coach by the pains of labour, and that she had retired into the country for a month, more or less; the evidence being positive assertion, and the number of the coach, which was said for certain to have been 8531.

A fourth, that she had run away to avoid a criminal charge, the nature of which was variously quoted as shop-lifting, swindling, forgery, arson, and murder—but more especially murder. There was overwhelming proof, supported by ample evidence of time and place, to prove each and all of these.

A fifth, that she was over head and ears, not in love, but in debt.

A sixth, that she had been claimed by a husband, who had just completed his term as a *forçat* at Brest, or, as others said, Toulon.

A seventh, that she was in the pay of the secret police of Paris—or, according to others, of the *bureau des affaires étrangères*, and, having completed her mission in England, had been recalled.

An eighth, that she had been driven from the field in shame by the marvellous playing of the talented Miss Smith. This was believed in by the immediate friends of that young lady, but by no others; and was indeed stoutly denied by the immediate friends of the talented Miss Green.

A ninth, that her real name was not Marie Lefort, but the Princess Alexandrovna Suloff: that she had been implicated deeply in a conspiracy to assassinate the Czar, instigated thereto by her lover—of course she had a lover—who was a sub-lieutenant of hulans serving in the Caucasus: that, upon the plot having been discovered, she, after receiving eight hundred and ninety-seven lashes with the knout, had escaped from prison, and walked, dressed as a polish Jew, from Moscow to Königsberg: that thence she had made her way, hidden in a cargo of timber, to London: that she had been recognized, in the course of a performance, by an *attaché* of the Russian Embassy, who had been an unsuccessful rival of the sub-lieutenant: that she had been seized while walking in Oxford Street, at dusk, by three men disguised as watchmen, but in reality

employés of the Embassy: and that her piano must henceforth lighten the labours of the miners of Tobolsk. This report, of course, bore its truth upon its face.

A tenth, that her disappearance was a dodge of Monsieur Prosper's.

Thus for nine days were the waters disturbed, and then the circling wavelets of which she had been the centre ceased, and she seemed to have sunk like a stone beneath the surface of the lake of life, and to have left no sign. Félix, aided by Monsieur Prosper, sought for traces diligently, but in vain. No corpse was discovered upon the piers of the bridges, or floating among the river craft; no hospital walls had witnessed the parting of her soul and body; no sail had carried her away from that England where she had been so unhappy. Most strange of all, in the case of one in whom thought for others was a habit unconquerable by any emotion short of despair, she had apparently deserted the orphans to whom she had devoted all the strength that she had not given to her husband and to her art. At last nothing was left to him who sought for her the most ardently but certain despair, tempered only by the hope of vengeance, even though the position of Warden was so far unassailable before the world.

Now it was all very well for Barton to be free from confinement, and to be trying to negotiate loans for other people; but he was most sorely in need upon his own account. As to how it happened that, once being in confinement, he ever became free, or that, being free, it was ever worth the while of anybody to take his freedom from him, is only one of those daily and hourly mysteries in the life of such a man that can no more be solved than the great mystery of the universe itself. There are, as every one who is tolerably acquainted with great cities knows, hundreds of men who do not earn so much as the wages of a west-country labourer, and who yet somehow drift along, no one knows how, without being able to obtain a quarter of what are usually — but, in such cases, to all appearances falsely — considered the necessities of life, such as meat and lodging, but existing upon what are usually considered its luxuries, such as, in one case, lavender gloves, in another cabs, in another tobacco, in another brandy. The mystery is certainly not rendered the less insoluble by others by reason of its being equally so by such men themselves; nor, seeing that this is not the history of Dick Barton, is there any need to attempt to solve it here.

It almost looks as though, for purposes

of mere existence, supposing mere existence to be worth having for its own sake, it is sufficient to live by Faith: by Faith, that is to say, in Accident. But sometimes even he who lives by Faith must think, and, like Barton himself, occasionally catch a confused and barren glimpse of his position. And now this believer of believers was sober by compulsion. There was absolutely no one left of whom to borrow half-a-crown. He was roofless, dinnerless, breakfastless, supperless, penniless, friendless, all at once; and brandyless into the bargain. His sole possessions were clothes which were not clothes, as his friend Euripides would have called them, his Horace, and his hunger. But perhaps what weighed most heavily upon him was his quarrel with the only real friend that he had in the world.

"Unlucky devil that I am," he said to himself, when his anger with Warden had cooled down, and the troubles of Hugh Lester had passed away from his mind, "that no one should ever take me up but to let me go again — not even a French fiddler. Why in the name of the Fates and Furies was I ever born? I have never even got so much as five minutes' enjoyment out of this world that canting blockheads are always crying up as so beautiful. But I doubt if I'm alone in that, for that matter — and so what is the good of trying? Man made to be happy — Bah! Man was born to eat thistles, and be soundly cudgelled, and be an ass. I have half a mind to put an end to the whole business altogether. But in this black-hole called England — not that I suppose it's blacker than any other hole called anything else — one can't even make so cheap a *quietus* as that without a fee. One can't hang one's self without a rope; and rope costs something; and it might as well cost a thousand guineas as a penny to a vagabond like me. One might starve to death, it is true — but that, in my case, would not be suicide: it would be natural death with a vengeance. And, after all, I doubt if I should have the energy to do anything very deliberate without having my belly full — and a full belly means content with things even as they are. It is sand for the hunted ostrich. Well, it comes to this, I suppose, that I must live and see the farce played out. It can't be very long, I suppose. But what a preposterous joke it is that a man should have muscle and stomach and brains better than those of half the world put together, and yet at the age when he ought to be at his best, be starving here in the streets when idiots whom

I could twist round my little finger and thrash with it afterwards are washing down ortolans with Tokay! The world beautiful indeed! It is the masterpiece of Momus, the arch-joke of the devil's court-jester. But even so, I must be fit for something; and if the people had the spirit of a mouse, we should see. If I could but cry out 'To the Barricades!' with any hope of an answer! I am almost tempted to give up the game and turn — respectable. But even for that it is too late now."

He had by this time walked on until he found himself in Lombard Street — a quarter as exciting to a man without a penny as Vanille ice to Tantalus.

"I remember once proposing to Félix to take to the road. Suppose I take to the city instead? One would get one's rope *gratis* then — there's no fee to the hangman — and I would make my last dying speech in Demosthenic Greek. It would be worth it, only for the joke's sake: I fancy it would puzzle even the Ordinary. By Jove, there's Prescott! Drink — beggary — crime: that's the regular *facilis descensus*, I believe. I've gone through the first, so I suppose it's time to try the second. Holloa, Prescott! good morning. How are stocks or funds, or consols or discount, or whatever you call it, to-day? And which is your present constellation — Taurus or Ursa Major?"

It was part of the banker's policy to be popular; but he simply stared at his old instrument and passed him by. But Barton followed him.

"Can you lend me half-a-crown?" he went on. "I've got nothing but thousand-pound notes in my pocket, and I want change."

"You are an impudent blackguard," answered the banker, increasing his pace.

"You won't? Is that your gratitude? You're not going to stand for Denethorp again, then? For I'm worth buying still, I can tell you — and all for the small price of half-a-crown. Remember Tarquin and the Sibyl."

"You are worth more than that to be rid of. There," said Prescott, tossing him a guinea, and turning into his bank, at the door of which they had now arrived. He did not wish it to be thought that he had been stung, and he liked to be contemptuously munificent.

"Now," said Barton to himself, when he was left alone with his new wealth, "I suppose I ought to have thrown it back in the fellow's face. But — *non olet*. And this time no one shall call me prodigal.

I'm almost tempted to drill a hole in it and hang it to my watch-chain — if I had such a thing. A guinea is the true charm against evil after all. Who was it said that the definition of riches is the immediate possession of five shillings? But yet, hang it all, what's a guinea? Any way I'll no longer sign myself *impransus*."

So he turned into a small tavern, from which, after a while, he emerged in a better humour with himself and with the world. But though he did not eat very much, his penny-worth of bread necessitated the consumption of an intolerable deal of something very much more potent than sack; so that a hole was made in his guinea of another kind from that which he had contemplated.

It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon. Not knowing what to do with himself he returned to his home in the streets.

It may be noted that when a man has even a shilling or two in his pocket, not to speak of fourteen and sixpence, and has no object for a walk, his steps invariably turn westward. From East to West is as inevitably the course of the smallest coin as the sun itself. So he proceeded slowly and meditatively along Cheapside, Ludgate Hill, the Strand, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Piccadilly, until he reached Park Lane. But he was a very long time in the process, for a reason that may be readily conjectured when it is said that on turning into a public-house to refresh himself he found that his guinea was a thing of the past altogether. And so, in obedience to the law of nature, he bent his steps eastward again. For the course of the penniless man is from West to East as surely as that of the sun when it is on the right side of the world.

But he was tired with walking, and it was growing dark also. He therefore, knowing from experience that it is well on a warm summer's night to choose a comfortable place for repose betimes, sought at once his favourite bench in St. James's Park, and, finding it unoccupied, disposed himself to pass the night there as one of the numerous lodgers of that particular chamber of the *hôtel à la belle étoile*, as Félix would have called it. Nor, when the weather is fine and warm, as it was now, is such a lodging by any means to be despised. It is true that it is apt to grow a little chilly, if not a little damp, about a couple of hours before sunrise, and it is impossible to be altogether secure of privacy; but the air is sweet and pure — one is not tempted to over sleep one's self when

the chorus of sparrows chirps its *aubade* — and, above all, there is nothing to pay.

So he laid himself down luxuriously on the hard bench, which was soft to his weary and accustomed limbs, and began to read his Horace, as one reads a book that one knows by heart, by the light of the stars which looked down upon him and upon London, and seemed to assert that, in spite of both, the world is beautiful in some ways after all. He was disturbed by no nightly birds of prey, either male or female; for these, with the unerring instinct of their kind, single out their proper quarry with an infallible eye, and leave unmolested a fellow-vagabond. And, after a while, night and weariness, that bring consolation to all men, brought him as sound and as sweet a sleep as if he had not been Dick Barton.

For some five or six good hours he slept his usual dreamless sleep, unbroken by any drunken refrains of songs that from time to time passed by him, or by any others of the equally agreeable voices of the night, as nights are known in London. But at four o'clock he woke, with the sun streaming into his eyes, and was Dick Barton once more.

Those who have not seen it under the spell of sunrise may laugh; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that at that hour of a summer morning our hideous capital is simply one of the most beautiful of all cities. It then enjoys all, and more than all, the beauty of silence, of sunlight, of opal skies, of clear and sharply-marked outlines, and of fresh air that — until it is destroyed and blotted out by the foul breath of crowds and of coal-fires — belongs to any other place that can be named. Beauty of streets and of buildings depends far less for its existence and for its perfection upon the skill of the architect than upon the sharpness and clearness of form given by the nature of the atmosphere, both around and above; and the atmosphere of an English morning is simply without a rival. And then London, seen in silence and in sunshine instead of in noise and in smoke, has, in addition, the beauty of pathos and of contrast also. Such a prospect is a passing revelation of the fact that, however deeply the outward form of nature may be buried by the hand of man, her soul is immortal after all, and of how she is able to transform even her grave into her throne when all her foes are asleep, and when none but they who love her or who need her are abroad.

Barton was one who needed her, if he did not love her. He drew a deep breath

of renewed strength — one is not subject to "next mornings" after a night spent out of doors — as he looked across what by day is a duck-pond, but which then — in all soberness it is said — looked like a fairy lake where it lay half hidden by green leaves made clean and fresh by the dew that sparkled upon them like a rain of emeralds, to where the Abbey stood, not in the dingy cloak of brown that it wears by day, but in a morning robe of clear grey just tinged with the reflection of the rosebud of dawn. Not a living creature, save the sparrows, was in sight; for he was a late riser for a tenant of that chamber whose roof is the sky and whose walls the air. He drew himself together, gave a long stretch, stood up, and shook himself, like a dog making his toilette after he has uncurled himself from his straw.

And then he saw that he was not quite alone with the sparrows. There is no separation of the sexes in that hostelry of the poor; and his eye lighted upon a neighbouring bench upon which lay a woman who seemed likely to be a still later riser than he.

"What!" he thought; "has trade got to be so bad as this, that the Haymarket itself is glutted with lodgers? Why, we shall have a revolution after all, when the very — But now for some breakfast. That comes of economy." And he turned to go, when the woman — so much too well dressed for her situation as to leave no room for doubt as to the nature of her calling — moved suddenly, and woke up with a deep sigh.

She passed both hands over her face, and then, seeing Barton, timidly shrank to a corner of the bench, and drew her shawl round her closely.

"Good-morning," he said, seating himself at the opposite corner. "I didn't know I had had so near a neighbour last night, or else perhaps — What time did you come to bed? I hope I didn't snore: I do sometimes, I believe."

"Sir," she said, in a sweet voice that struck him as being not unfamiliar to him, "could you tell me —"

He looked her full in the face.

"Impossible," he said to himself, "if anything were impossible." But she, whose eyes had hitherto been fixed upon the ground, now raised them to his suddenly.

"Well, possible or no," he continued to himself, "it is no business of mine. Every one has a right to do what he likes with his own. 'Could I tell you,' you were saying —"

Poverty is not the only guide to the resting-places of the poor. Barton might wonder at such a meeting, and even disbelieve his very eyes; but not those who have ever wandered about the streets with no purpose beyond a longing to flee from the wretchedness of soul that is their only guide. To such as these, times and places are all as one. They would lie down to sleep in a den of lions without a thought of fear—their home is everywhere but at home. She, more homeless than the most homeless there, must have wandered all night without heeding how or where. Barton, wanderer upon the face of the world of London as he was, might exercise some choice as to the time and place of his repose; but not she. Yet neither were so ill-chosen after all. Though even Una may not sleep safely everywhere, yet he must have been armed with something more than the devil's courage who would have disturbed her when the big form of Dick Barton lay so few yards distant from her as to make her seem to be neither without a companion nor a protector. Truly our guardian angels take strange shapes sometimes!

But before he could finish his question she was gone.

He stood looking after her for some time, as though in doubt whether to follow her or no. "What is it to me?" he thought again. "No, I won't follow her." And so of course he did follow her, keeping her well in sight—which, as there was no crowd, was easy—but at the same time preserving a sufficient distance between himself and her so that she might not suspect she was being observed.

She went straight along the Mall till she reached Spring Gardens. Then she paused, and seemed in doubt as to which way she should turn, but finally took the direction of Westminster.

When the Abbey was again in sight she stopped once more. Then she went on again at a hurried pace, and, when opposite St. Margaret's, turned suddenly to the left. Barton at once quickened his pace, and gained upon her, till in a few seconds he was by her side.

"You were beginning to ask me a question just now," he said. "Can I be of any use to you?"

"No—you can be of no use to me."

"I think I can, though. I'm not going to preach—but do you think I don't know where you are going? It was only yesterday I thought of taking the same journey myself."

"Indeed——"

"Never mind now. It wouldn't have mattered a curse what had become of me; and I expect my cause was greater than yours, and so I had double reason. Yes, greater cause—I mean what I say, and I say it deliberately. Do you know what a wasted life means to a man who might have been anything he pleased? No doubt you will say a broken heart means a great deal more—but that only shows how little you know about the matter."

"But——"

"You are trembling all over; as if you had not had enough of the cold air you are going to try the cold——Fshaw! what an ass I am. Put your shawl round you as closely as you can, and come with me."

"But what shall I do? where should I go? why do you hinder me?"

She spoke as if she did not know what she was saying; and, whether from cold, or from fear, or from excitement, or from all three, she was indeed trembling like the bough of an aspen. He himself wrapped her shawl round her, awkwardly, but not ungenially.

"As for why I hinder you, it is because I am an ass, I suppose. The river's the best bed for most of us, I fancy; and I should be wiser if instead of keeping you back from it I became your bed-fellow. But one can always come to that, at any time. Meanwhile, as to what you should do, I should say, come and get some breakfast; and as to where you should go, you had better go for the present with me. It strikes me that we are both pretty well outside playing at propriety; and I don't suppose that you'll be afraid of your companion? Besides, no one's up yet that you or I are likely to know."

As he had said, he could not preach; but he had made a sermon all the same.

"I will never say another word about this," he continued, "so you have nothing to fear. Only I will not apologize for having followed you. Damn it, if you will not let me help you, you must help me. So you see I am not very unselfish in having gone after you two miles out of my way."

"I help you? I? *Mon Dieu!*"

"Yes—I'll tell you how, presently. And you needn't say a word about your story. I can see it all, and it's as old as the hills. But how a fellow like that——"

"He was always good to me."

"There's the woman all over! By God, you are enough to send one mad! Let the rascal—well, then let the cad—go;

you must see he's not fit to clean your shoes."

"But you do not——"

"Understand? But I do, though; perhaps more than you do yourself. I haven't been among men and women for nothing. Have you no friends?"

"Not one."

"Not Mrs. Lester? Not Miss what's-her-name—Miss Raymond?"

"None."

"But is there no one left whom you can help—for whom you can live still? Not even a kitten? I know more about women—I, Dick Barton, who never cared for one of them and for whom not one of them ever cared, and who don't think them worth caring about either—than Prosper, with all his brag. And you're just the girl to have a deaf great-grandmother, or a blind canary, or a sixpenny doll, to work her fingers to the bone for."

Ernest and Fleurette! were the memories of you as fast asleep as your bodies that it needed Dick Barton to recall you to the mind of your sister—of your mother? But let it be remembered what is meant by despair—not sorrow merely, not even anguish, but the mad hopelessness that, when it comes, overwhelms even the strongest soul, and draws a black veil between heaven and the hearts of those of whom alone it has been written that they shall see God.

"Oh, I am too weak even to die!" she cried out; "what does anything matter—even life? Do with me what you will—take me where you please; only I am Marie Lefort no more. I will earn my children's bread; but for God's sake let the secret of my life be known to you only. Indeed I have cause to be dead to all who have known me."

"Poor child! I fear there is something outside the old story after all. So be it then. I promise—on my word of honour, if I have anything left of that rather vague article. But say—are you afraid of me?"

"Of you? oh no; why should I be afraid of you?"

"Some people might think so. So be it, then. I had a sister once, who was lucky enough to be put underground before she was six years old: and for whom, I suppose, therefore, the gods entertained the whole of the very small amount of affection that they had to spare for me and mine. She was called Esther, I remember. Very well, then; you for to-day shall be Esther Barton—and for as many more days as you please."

CHAPTER XII.

It has been said that there was but one thing left for Félix to do. It was shortly this: and, if he has to any extent succeeded in obtaining the sympathy of the reader so far, it is much to be feared that he may run some risk of losing it now.

The literature of the duel is fast dying out. That duelling itself should have ceased to be an English institution may or may not be well: but, whether it be the one or the other, it is at any rate highly inconvenient. Its decadence has to a very great degree unmodernized the life of only fifty years ago, and made it in a very essential feature as unsympathetic to readers of the present day, who require, above all things, for their mental food the realism of their own daily life, and to exercise their imagination upon real tea-cups and real saucers of the most modern fashion, as a romance would be of which the scene should be laid in the Campus Martius, and in the year of the city 753. The hair trigger has become as obsolete as the *pilum* or the *sica*. Not only in character, but in ideas and in conduct also, must our grandfathers be made to resemble their grandsons, in order to be made presentable in what one would think should be the cosmopolitan and cosmoval society of literature: and, on the same principle as that on which the French painter dressed the guards of Dido in the uniform of the *mousquetaires du roi*, must we dress the neckclothed and padded dandy of fifty years since in the shooting-jacket of to-day. It is therefore an essential characteristic of the virtuous hero of a modern story that he should hold duelling either in abhorrence or in contempt, according as he is a good Christian or a good man of the world: and it is, in fact, really hard to call to mind that the man who would now be considered a sensible fellow, would only half a century since have been called a coward, and cut dead by every man of honour. Had Félix lived in these days he would, doubtless, after having been smitten on the one cheek, have turned his other to the smiter in the most orthodox manner possible: and, as it was, this would doubtless have been the commendable course. What does a word signify, after all, that affords no ground for an action for damages? If fine words butter no par-nips, neither do hard words break any bones. It is a highly useful and sensible policy, that which is contained in the great principle of "It does not matter," and saves its disciples from scrapes innumerable. But, unfortunately for his credit, he did

not live in these days; and, being quick-natured and sensitive, and having, perhaps owing to his social position, almost exaggerated notions of the duties, although he denied the rights, of gentle blood, he thought that an insult mattered a great deal. There is no such aristocrat in the whole world as the thorough-going republican who happens to have born a gentleman; and though a marquis might be entitled to no privileges, a De Créville could never cease to be a De Créville, though his name might be ignored not only by the world, but by himself also.

After all, whatever people may think, no fact can be changed by any amount of change of view. Plenty of good men have fought duels, and yet have been no more murderers in their hearts — by which, and not by their deeds, it is to be presumed that men ought to be judged — than the most forgiving and meek-tempered of their race; and plenty have not only fought them, but have killed their man, without a thought that a gentleman, if not exactly a Christian, should be ashamed to own. The tenderness for human life as such, and not because it is particularly worth having or keeping, which seems to have culminated in recognizing in the body of the foulest murderer a holy temple not to be lightly meddled with by human hands, did not exist in days when even so purely arbitrary an institution as honour was held to be sometimes better than human life. It is very lamentable, of course, that Félix lived in times that allowed him to behave as no one would be justified in behaving, now that the idea of moral courage is almost opposed to that of physical. He had not even the excuse of being forced into what he did by the pressure of public opinion; for, though in his own eyes there was now no course open to him but one, the world would certainly not have wasted a thought upon the matter.

But Félix was his own public opinion; and in due course Mark Warden received a challenge. How he took it may be imagined; he simply laughed it to scorn, and only sent back word that he should call in the assistance of the law if he found himself farther annoyed. In fact he only did what any sensible man in his position would have done, whether in those days or in these.

It was written, however, that the matter was not to end here. The mass of circumstances, slight and apparently trivial in themselves, of which this story is composed, was gathering like a mass of snow, which is composed of the finest particles,

but which, by gradual accretion, becomes an avalanche. If mountains are mothers of mice, it is from mole-hills that we must look for monsters.

One passion only now filled the breast of Angélique. It was simply a wild passion for revenge — for revenge against Warden, against Félix, against Hugh, against Miss Clare — in short, against all the world. The last blow had been too cruel, and the remorse of self-interest only made matters worse a thousand-fold. She was enraged with herself for having been so befooled, and for having lost her temper when perhaps all else had not even yet been wholly lost; and, after her fashion, she vented her rage upon everybody but herself. She left her husband in his amaze, and hurried to the chambers of Mark Warden in the Temple. He was out, but she waited there till he returned, much to the excitement of the boy, who had never opened the door to a female visitor in his life before.

Warden himself was surprised to hear that a lady was waiting to see him, and that she would not give her name. He was still more surprised when he saw who the lady proved to be.

"Mr. Warden," she began at once, without giving him her hand, "we have been bitter enemies. I know it now as well as you who have known yourself my enemy all along; and we shall be worse enemies still, perhaps, when we have to reckon about my poor Marie. Yes, you are her murderer, in one way or another. But we must be at peace now, though I hate you from my soul. Miss Clare has made her will."

"This is strange language, Mrs. Lester. Do I understand that you are come to accuse me of the murder of — of your cousin? Do I look like a murderer — have I acted like one? I can pardon much to your grief, in which I also share; but —"

"Oh, you can look like what you please, except like what you are; and that is a — But did I not say that there must be peace between us now? If you are what I think you, there will be proof enough in time; and even if you choose to take my warning, you are a ruined man any way. No — I do not come to accuse you of anything; I come to tell you that Miss Clare has made her will."

"I know it."

"But do you know what it is?"

"Of course not — how should I? And even if I did, I should respect her confidence."

"And you do not know who is her heir?"

"I certainly did not inquire. Your husband, I hope."

"No — her son."

"Her son?"

"Yes — Félix Créville."

And she told him the story as she heard it from Hugh.

When she had come to an end Warden was as pale as death.

"And why do you come to me?" he asked.

"Why? do you wish that Félix should have Earl's Dene? You are not the man I take you for if you can think of no means —"

"Thanks for your information; and thanks for letting me know your opinion of me. I am neither disappointed nor angry. Earl's Dene is nothing to me; and I can make any number of excuses for your anger under the circumstances. But I cannot help you, and I certainly can think of no means."

If he could, he would certainly not have taken her into his confidence.

"No means? No means to keep from the hands of another what you have been plotting and lusting for all your days? Are you a lawyer, and can you think of no means? Perhaps the will may be a bad one: perhaps —"

"You had better be careful, Mrs. Lester; I am lawyer enough to tell you that. As I have said, I can understand your disappointment; but it seems to me that you are suggesting to me that I should commit a crime. Now, supposing that I were disposed to figure in a criminal court — which I certainly am not — I should prefer the crime to be for my own benefit."

"I said just now that I will fight you still; and so I will, to the end. But neither of us can conquer if this will is to stand. Between us, you certainly have the best of it. And yet can you be so tame as to —"

"What you call tameness, Mrs. Lester, I call submission to ill fortune. And what interest have I, I should like to know, in Earl's Dene? I should like it to have gone to your husband, of course, but —"

"You are a greater hypocrite even than I took you for. But I am not altogether blind. You found me willing enough to take your hints once before, and I see that you are not unwilling to take mine now in return, however much you may try to throw dust in my eyes. Good morning."

"The woman must be mad," he said to

himself when she had left him; and he really almost thought so. But what she had said had made him regard a duel with Félix with somewhat different eyes than before.

"No, she is not mad," was his second, and therefore his best, thought. "I see it all. No — Earl's Dene is not gone, and must not go. I must not have worked all this time for nothing, though it has come to staking my life against success — though the question is reduced to that of a chance bullet between him and me."

His being possessed with one idea had given him the most dangerous quality of all; and in fact there are no men in the whole world more dangerous than men possessed by one idea. When put to it, they become as reckless of themselves as of others, like a mad Malay. He had not gone so far to draw in his horns now; and he now saw that the cunning brain must give place to the strong and ready hand. If he should fall — well, he was no coward, and fully ready to take all ordinary risks of the time.

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all,"

sings the soldier-minstrel of the cavaliers; and though the song is of noble things, it will apply to the ignoble also. Warden was confident in his fate, and in his deserts as well. And the chances that such men should rise the winners are myriads to one. *Fortuna favet fortibus* — it is cowards and doubters who lose. He was neither. He had risen to the occasion, and felt that he had made it his own.

"MY DEAR ANDREWS, — Can you do me a very great favour? I have a disagreeable and rather delicate affair on hand just now, in which it is difficult to know how to act. I fear, however, that it must end seriously, and I very much wish for your advice in the matter. If you will give it me, let me know where I can see you to-day, and at what hour. — Yours most sincerely,

"M. WARDEN."

"MAJOR ANDREWS."

"Mr. Warden presents his compliments to Mons. Créville, and, on consideration, will be glad to receive any friend of Mons. C., with a view to a final arrangement of the misunderstanding between them. Mr. W. will be found at his chambers, 7 Elm Court, Temple, during the whole of to-day."

These he despatched forthwith, and then turned to Coke upon Littleton to pass the time while waiting for their effect.

The answer to the first soon arrived. It was merely as follows :—

"MY DEAR WARDEN,—All right. Come and dine with me here at six o'clock. Such things are always best discussed over a bottle.—Yours very truly,

"A. R. ANDREWS.

"M. WARDEN, Esq."

But in the matter of the second the delay was very much longer. The fact was that for the *soi-disant* Marquis de Créville to find a friend for such a purpose and in such a sense was no easy matter.

Prosper would certainly not do : nor, *a fortiori*, any of his orchestral *confrères*. It would be to cover the affair with ridicule.

But find one somewhere he must. At last, as a *pis-aller*, he bethought him of Dick Barton. Any way he was a graduate of Cambridge, and might therefore take brevet rank, as it were, in such a case.

This thought, however, scarcely diminished the difficulty. It was easy to think of Barton, but by no means so easy to find him, seeing that his address was something like "Richard Barton, B.A., The Streets, London."

CHAPTER XIII.

No time, however, had to be lost. So he went straight to the office of the "Trumpet," and inquired if anything had been seen or heard lately of the most errant of its contributors. He could scarcely be said to hope for success, and was almost surprised to learn that Barton had called there the very day before, and had given an address somewhere in Lambeth.

Lambeth was not a very likely quarter in which to look for a friend in an affair of honour. But there was no help for it; so he set out at once, and, after another series of difficulties, at last succeeded in discovering, not far from the Bishop's palace, No 48 Saragossa Row, to which he had been referred.

He who invoked the

"Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and stinks"

could never have paid a visit to Saragossa Row, Lambeth, or he would never have libelled the city of Johann Maria Farina. A whole flood of Cologne water would not have served for a sufficiently powerful baptism to regenerate Saragossa Row, of which the prevailing feature was an odour that would have defied the analysis of the most skilled of chemists, except so far that the most unscientific nose could trace in it a strong element of cabbage-water of a

peculiarly outrageous kind. The shops that it contained were for the most part those of small butchers, grocers, and chandlers, redolent of short weight and adulteration; and this may have had something to do with the matter. Its inhabitants apparently consisted of troops of very small boys and girls, who, having rolled for pleasure in the mud-bank of the Thames, were in the habit of cleansing themselves in the gutter of their native street; and this, no doubt, had to do with the matter still more. At any rate, the three kingdoms of nature must have combined to produce the atmosphere in which Félix now found himself. But what words can describe a smell, whether of rose or of bilge water? Easier by far would it be to describe the hopeless poverty of the neighbourhood; its filth, of which the part that was unseen was worse, if possible, than the part which was seen; its hot and all-pervading dust, every mote of which must have been a seed of fever; its squalor, and its despair. Saragossa Row exists no more. But its family has grown and multiplied a hundred-fold, and, baffling description, grows more prolific from year to year. Let those who need a description go and see for themselves. The sight will not prove uninteresting, and they will not have to go far.

No. 48 proved to be the shop of a small dealer in *articles de luxe*—though not, indeed, made of *papier maché* and ormolu. The window was stocked with clay pipes, white mugs ornamented with blue letters, and blue mugs with white; penny song-books, and guides to dream-land; slices of plum-cake, and sticks of liquorice; lucifer-matches, and an old umbrella;—so that Dick Barton was lodged aristocratically indeed. The tenant was from home; but Félix, on making the old woman who reigned over this multifarious stock understand that he would write a note—probably a new idea to her altogether—was shown into his room, which was certainly a far worse lodging than the Mall, for the purpose of finding pen, ink, and paper, articles of too surpassing luxury to be contained even in the window.

The up-stairs room, appropriated to Dick Barton, was very much what might have been expected from the external surroundings. There was one unsteady table, that contrived to balance itself after a fashion upon the carpetless floor; there were three chairs, of different orders of architecture, and of different ages; there was a corner cupboard, a broken poker, a dozen rat-holes,—and that was about all.

The day was warm and close, but the window was closed; and, considering all things, so much the better. Félix looked round him in vain for writing materials. He did not know that people whose profession is literature in any of its forms never by any chance are the owners of a pen that will write, of ink that will run, or of a clean sheet of paper. Such things are *articles de luxe* indeed, that brand the amateur. But his search, though vain in this respect, was not without affording material for the exercise of curiosity.

The room, though grimed with the dust of ages, was free from the least suspicion of the dust of to-day. The table and the three chairs were ranged as symmetrically as they might be; and, wonder of wonders, there stood in a white and blue mug, apparently rejected from the stock for having lost its handle and a large piece out of one of the sides, a real purple hyacinth, which seemed to fill that one room, after what he had passed through on his way, with a breath from heaven, and with dreams of the fair face of nature, unmarred by such foul spots of leprosy as Saragossa Row.

Now, in all consistency, any room occupied by Dick Barton should have been inch-deep in dust and neck-deep in disorder, while the only odour at war with the foulness without should, at best, have been that of the stale fumes of departed spirits within. And as for a flower upon the mantel-piece, it was as much out of place as it would have been in his button-hole. It was clear, therefore, to Félix, than whom no one was better acquainted with all his ways, that he was not companionless in his new abode, and that his companion was a woman.

Of course, that such a thing should be was not in itself wonderful. But it was wonderful in Barton, who hated the whole sex, both in theory and practice, with a perfect hatred, tempered only by the sentiment of the scholar for Lesbia and Clôe and Lalage. But to imagine him actually living with even Lesbia herself was as easy as to imagine him living without brandy. Like most men whose speech is exaggeratedly foul, his life, where women were concerned, was, from whatever cause, as pure as that of St. Anthony himself, or rather purer, for he seemed beyond the pale even of temptation. But still all things are possible; and as he had, in the experience of Félix himself, been known to go five weeks without brandy, so he might, within the bounds of possibility, have fallen into a sort of domesticity for five days or so. Perhaps it had

suitied some decayed or neglected beauty of the southern side to make a convenience even of Dick Barton; perhaps she had followed him for love—who could tell? For he possessed just that kind of strength that would have made many a foolish girl or woman follow him even there.

Félix was thus engaged in speculating upon the character of him whom, in spite of their quarrel, he knew to be his friend still, when he heard the well-known elephantine tread which slowly ascended the stairs like the statue of the *commendatore*, and an instant afterwards the big voice that belonged to it calling out,—

"Esther, are you in? By God—Félix! No—she's not in. Confound it all, though—Mrs. Wood! If Miss Barton comes home, tell her I'm particularly engaged—do you understand?"

"Miss Barton?" asked Félix.

"Yes—my sister. Why shouldn't I have a sister, like any other man?"

Félix held out his hand.

"I have been angry with you without cause, and very ungrateful. Will you forgive the anger of a man who had but just recovered from brain fever? For the sake of your own kindness to him?"

"Forgive! Not I. I'm only too glad to see you again. As for forgetting, that's another matter. The waste of good liquor is not a thing to be so easily forgotten; and yet if all the brandy that has been poured down my gullet had been poured into the gutter instead—"

"You remember the cause of our quarrel?"

"Of course I do. To think that you and I should quarrel about a woman! Félix, old fellow, I don't think I ever made an apology in my life, and so I don't exactly know how to begin. Much cause there is for me to forgive you! Mind, I don't think a bit better of women now than I did then. I still think them all—, every one of them. But there is one who is an angel."

"Yes, an angel in heaven," said Félix, sternly. "She is nothing more to you or to me. But there is a devil upon earth who is something to me still."

"I know who you mean, the canting scoundrel. What, in the name of the fire of hell, made you save him from the fire of that theatre? But no matter for that. He'll come to the fire at last, all in good time."

"Barton, I did not come to ask you to forgive me, or to talk about—her. On the very night that she disappeared I

challenged Mark Warden, and he refused to fight me, like a coward. To-day, however, I received this."

"He will fight you? Oh, how I envy you! If I only had him before me on a good smooth piece of hard ground, such as I used to know in Cumberland, I would soon see if I had forgotten how to try a fall! There should be none of your twelve paces—that's the number, isn't it?—between him and me. And I promise you his fall should be to the bottom of Styx; and I'd pitch my last *obolus* after him, to pay his passage, with all the pleasure in hell."

Here was promising material for a second! But Félix continued, —

"Will you go to him? You know what I mean. We must fight—not play at fighting. If I put a bullet through him the world is rid of a scoundrel; and if he through me—*tant mieux*."

Barton looked steadily at Félix, and sighed.

"I hate duels," he said. "I'm not a coward, I fancy; but what's the good of having thews and sinews if one doesn't use them? You call it chivalry, I suppose, to give up one's advantages; I call it folly: and you ask me to stand by and help Warden to shoot you—for I'd back the beast against a man like you, at twenty paces, twenty to one. I know you. You'd be as nervous as a tiger, and he'd be as cool as the steadiest shot that ever brought a tiger down."

"You won't stand by me, then?"

"Stand by and see you shot? No."

"Then I must find some one else, that's all."

"Félix, don't be an ass. And yet —" He suddenly paused.

"Well?"

"Damn it, I can't tell you why. But you mustn't be the man to shoot Cram Warden, even supposing that he didn't shoot you. There are reasons—I have it! You mustn't: but there's no reason why I shouldn't shoot him fifty times over; or if he shoots me, why, then, as you say, *tong mew*. What do you say? shall I try my luck?"

"I wish you would be serious for once."

"And so I am—in sober seriousness."

"Of course I could not think of such a thing for a moment. Then you will not carry my message?"

"No, by God! not a fraction of it. I'm not a gentleman, and I don't pretend to be one. If you will fight, of course I can't help it. But —"

How Barton finished his sentence Félix never knew. Before he knew the cause

he felt his heart beating violently; and though he turned mechanically towards the door, a kind of faintness prevented his seeing anything but vacancy. His senses were acute enough; but on this occasion his heart was quicker still.

It was Marie!

Of this alone he was conscious. All other facts vanished away into nothingness—the place, the mystery of her disappearance, the strange companionship in which he found her again. The soul's love is in itself a dream; and in dreams, they say, one never feels surprise.

She herself stood in the door-way, without resolution either to advance or to retire. Indeed it would have been useless to retire, now that she had been seen by him from whom she had been seeking to fly. Barton, who had been speaking warmly, had not heard her step upon the stairs, which had indeed been too light to be heard by the ears of any but one. But he suddenly looked up, and saw what the reader has also seen.

He stopped abruptly, and there was silence for a full minute. Then he spoke again.

"Esther—Miss Lefort—this is not my doing, though I am glad it has happened. Félix found me out, and —"

But he was unheard. Félix had broken from his dream, and was by her side. Barton looked at them both once more, and sighed deeply, and then for a moment turned away.

"Marie, my own Marie!" exclaimed Félix at last; "heaven has sent me to you—nothing can part us now."

Would it have been wonderful if she also lost her sense of right and wrong—if she also had seen the hand of God in this chance meeting?

As it was, she could scarcely speak. "O my God!" she at last exclaimed, "am I never to find peace—never to be forgotten? And you—cannot you have mercy upon me?"

Their companion, whose presence both had forgotten, began to drum upon the window-pane. Then he turned round, and spoke.

"You seem to have got yourselves both into a mess—and I for one see no way out of it except by giving some one we know of rats-bane. But how about the duel now, Félix? Don't look so scared, Miss Lefort—I beg your pardon—Esther. That seems to me to be a worse mess still."

"Marie," said Félix, "it is true. I have challenged your husband, and he has accepted the challenge. That is what Barton means."

"I beg your pardon, that is not by any means what Barton means—at least not the whole of it. I could scarcely have prevented your fighting before, without betraying confidence, but now——"

Félix certainly found himself in a horribly awkward position. To fight a duel with Marie's husband, she still living, was obviously impossible: it was equally impossible for him to betray her existence to him, which, since he had himself discovered it by accident, would amount to a breach of confidence: and to withdraw without sufficient reason would be to stamp himself as a coward, and to justify the opinion that Warden entertained of him as an impostor, when he had claimed to be of gentle blood.

Barton went on. "What do you say, Félix? You had better have accepted my offer—you know what I mean."

"I see no way out of it but one," he answered.

"And that is—I guess what you mean. Here are three poor devils—by God! I think we had better subscribe for a few pennyworth of charcoal, after the fashion of your country. Besides, we should be doing a little good for once in our lives—the air of Lambeth smells feverish, and charcoal, they say, is a disinfectant."

"Barton, I believe you would joke on the day of judgment."

"My dear fellow, don't you know me yet? Laughing is my way of crying—that's all. If I were one of your lucky ones, I believe I should never make a joke again. It isn't your Mark Wardens that laugh—it's the shorn lamb that skips and plays, even when it sees the butcher. But what, then, is your one way?"

"My way at present leads away from you—but not in the way you mean. Good-bye, my friend, who have been a brother to me—be a brother to her also. Good-bye, Marie: you are right, we must part for ever. And do not fear for me, or for any one. I have loved you so dearly! Dearest, those who love as we do cannot part for ever. One day we shall meet again. Till then——"

But Marie threw herself into the doorway.

"No, Félix," she said, in a clear and firm voice, "you shall commit no sin for me. You are a brave man; you must not act like a coward."

Both started. It was not the Marie whom they had known that now spoke.

"It is I," she said, "who have brought about all this misery and all this sin. Yes, I mean it—it is I. And I will stand here

until I am obeyed now, unless you choose to force your way by killing me first. I know the way you mean—it is to kill or to be killed—or both, perhaps. Will you listen to me?"

She paused, and then went on.

"In a good cause, I, the daughter of a French soldier, would not seek to keep back him I loved the best from certain death—or worse, from the certain shedding of the blood of another. But in a bad cause, I would rather that the whole world should call him coward than that I should have to think him weak or base. I vow, though I am a Christian woman, and though I have already seen death face to face, that your death, whether by your own hands or by those of my husband, or the death of my husband by yours, shall be my own. Nothing shall keep me from it—no, not Ernest or Fleurette. If you fear the world's scorn, do as I have done: the world is wide, and this one spot of it will no more miss Félix Crévile than they have missed Marie Lefort. But I think better things of you than to think you would fear any scorn of men when undeserved. You will be strong in your own conscience; and there is one, at least, who the more you are scorned by those who do not know you will love you all the more. Yes—who will love you. There is no harm in saying so now. For my sake, let me have the consolation in my desolate life that he whom I love is a brave and a true man."

"Oh, Marie, how unworthy I am to dare to love you! If you could share my fate—and why should you not? If we are both dead to the world——"

"That is impossible. You do not even tempt me. If I am in my heart to love a brave man, you must also love a pure woman. We must be worthy of one another. If you are brave and true for my sake, I must be true and pure for yours."

"Then I am to revoke this challenge—I, a De Croisville? Marie—do you not understand that a man's honour is his life?"

"Such honour as that? No. Once more, I have said it. It is not not your life I wish to save—it is your true honour, and my own love."

Félix bowed his eyes to the ground. The contest in him was bitter, but it could have but one ending.

"Curse it all!" said Barton, after a long pause. "I suppose it must be so; but—that that infernal scoundrel should get his own way after all!"

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON QUARRELLING.

WHEN I am seated all alone in my room with a blazing fire in winter, or, in summer, with the window open to the breezy campaign, my books, of winning aspect, before me, and whilom my pen, subservient minister of my brain, in hand, I am apt to think a good deal about one among the many advantages which the situation of the moment possesses. I do not refer to its facilities for the culture of creative imagination, such as the enthusiast Richardson alluded to when he exclaimed, "The painting-room must be like Eden before the Fall; no joyless, turbulent passions must enter there." Nor am I now contemplating the opportunity it affords for the manufacture of that prudential philosophy which Montaigne had in view when he recommended that every one should possess a little back shop of his own, — "*tout libre, tout franche*," — in which, absolutely shut out from all friends and acquaintance, he should suffice to himself for his own entertainment, talking to himself, and laughing to himself, and following his pursuits independent of all external ties, in order that, should wife or fortune fall from him, he might have learned whither to betake himself for a separate maintenance, as it were.

I look now simply to another advantage. A less ambitious one? Possibly. At least, it wears more of a negative character. This solitude removes me from any temptation to quarrelling. For how can one wrangle with silence. How can one vituperate empty space?

In solitude, when I am *least* alone,

the poet says, indeed: but the companionship he speaks of is that of thought, thought of myriad form, of impalpable essence, the tenacity of our own brain — vexing and rebellious, it may be, at times, but not capable of kindling the temper, like antagonists of flesh and blood. *Why* thoughts should harass one, and not provoke, may be a subtle question. If they are a part of one's self, it would seem they should do neither. If independent essences, why one and not the other? But I suppose no one is ever seriously angry, indignant, and exasperated with his own cogitations, as such, except in abnormal conditions of the brain. When Luther threw his inkstand at the devil, it was that he projected his own imagination into the form of an opposing entity. Cromwell meant it as a *reductio ad absurdum* when he described a famous parliamentary champion as so cantankerous,

that if he could find no one else to fall out with, "John would quarrel with Lilburne, and Lilburne with John." While the iron, resistless tyranny of unwelcome thoughts over the mind is, far and away, the most crushing calamity under which humanity can groan.

Was it a fear of each other's antagonism that first drove rational beings into the bonds of society, as some philosophers aver, to guard against the aggression of individuals by the mutual interests of the many? It may be so, though I should be loth to think that the harmonies of human nature had less to do with it than the discords. Nor, in letting my thoughts dally now with some of the causes and effects of social disagreement, as we see them daily before our eyes, would I for a moment set myself up as a cynical disbeliever in the harmonies. Our souls would perish without them, that is certain. But in my breezy attic, snug back shop, or whatever the sanctum of my solitude for the time may be, I am a philosopher of the self-sufficing tribe, and please myself with thinking how much worse off I might find myself in the world outside my walls — how much worse off those *are*, whose busy, eager voices perhaps at intervals reach my serene heights. Imagine, for a moment, the subjects there must needs be in the rubs and jars of daily life always rising up for discussion; subjects domestic, parochial, political, ecclesiastical, æsthetic, personal. Think, also, to how many differing sympathies our several idiosyncrasies perforce tend. Mankind, it is said, are born into the world collectively with four temperaments, the mixtures and proportions of which in individuals are not to be numbered. Why, here is at once a basis of discord to set out with. How can a lymphatic physique meet the aspects of life as a nervous physique does? or how can a bilious melancholic eye answer the frank hope of the sanguineous? And again, external nature, has not she her temperaments? Think how irritable the nerves and blood will become on a sultry noon, when we are laboriously inhaling a sirocco; how chill and ungenial, when frost is chilling our extremities. Under such circumstances, how easily does discussion ripen into dissension! how to sting and snap in words becomes almost a craving of nature! And if even the placid are apt to grow "grumpy" on these occasions, how is it with the class of the normally captious and huffy, which permeates all social space, — with those of whom Cowper's lines represent the ordinary characteristics?

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
 You always do too little or too much;
 You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
 Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
 You fall at once into a lower key,
 That's worse,—the drone-pipe of a humble bee.
 The southern sash admits too strong a light,
 You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
 He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and
 strive
 To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.

Very unamiable all this, the reader will say. Well, I am only referring to phases of social life which will at times occur, deplore it how we may, and which certainly conduce neither to the happiness nor to the elevation of our character while they last. When such phases do occur, depend upon it flight to one's own room is the best of all possible remedies. There, in all that still seclusion, trifles unduly magnified have a chance of resuming their just proportions, possibly your adversary's arguments assume some sort of meaning to your apprehension; petulance evaporates for lack of stimulants; the coveted "last word" seems no longer worth the efforts we have made to secure it. Hear the testimony of Nehemiah Wallington, the Puritan tradesman of Eastcheap, whose "Historical notices" on the times of Charles I. have recently been published, in corroboration of this philosophy.

"The outward means that I have used to overcome this hasty crabbit nature of mine," says the worthy citizen, "are these. Sometimes I have gon into another rounge by my selfe til my anger is over, and then com again. Sometime I went abroad, and then com again when my wrath is past. Sometimes I have gone to bed when I have been angered, and lay awhile till my anger is past, and then I have rose, and put on my cloes, and have bin friends again."

How deeply are not the lower orders of society to be pitied for their inability, generally speaking, to secure such a fortress for their own defence! We shrink with horror from the tales of domestic strife and bloodshed with which our newspaper annals of the poor abound; but who shall dare to come the Pharisee over them, for who shall pretend to compare their resources against temptation with our own? Think of the sneers, the taunts, the blows, which might well take place in our own polished drawing-rooms, often and often, were there not the remedy at hand of retirement and separation. But you forget principle, some will say. It is man's duty to school himself in self-restraint. His circumstances are his trial. He must

meet them, conquer them; not fly like an anchorite to the desert, to be out of the way of temptation. Let him learn a lesson of the Chinese mandarin, of whom it is recorded, that when some emperor of the Celestials, making a progress through his dominions, came to the residence of this distinguished subject, he found him with his wives, children, daughters-in-law, grandchildren, and servants, all living together in perfect peace and harmony; inasmuch that, struck by the phenomenon, the emperor requested the head of the family to explain its secret. The mandarin took out his pencil and wrote, "Patience, patience, patience."

Was "patience" the great cohesive power in the family-life of the nomad patriarchs of old, I wonder? or was not the wide elbow-room at their command the real preservative of their domestic institution? Assuredly, in our modern conditions of society, the patriarchal régime is seldom tried with success. One of the nearest approaches to the affirmative, perhaps, was exhibited in the case of the Edgeworth family, as portrayed in an unpublished memoir of the authoress's life. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, her father, married four times, and had nineteen children. That they *always* agreed, like "birds in their little nests," it would be too much to affirm; but the general impression of domestic harmony in the motley household, conveyed by the memoir, is very strong; and we know that Maria Edgeworth, speaking of herself in advanced life, used to say she was probably an unique instance of a woman who had had three step-mothers, and lived on cordial terms with all of them! so that, whether by principle or whether by natural sweetness of temper, much may be done in confronting and overcoming the natural propensity of congregated man to go to loggerheads, far be it from me to deny; nor would I depreciate, or postpone to less exalted methods such noble championship; certainly not after it has proved itself successful! But there is no contest without danger, and he is a bad captain who relies solely on the valour of his troops. I should hold it presumptuous of principle not to avail itself of every adventitious aid that lies fairly in its way. And it is my firm, if cowardly conviction, that victory is often best secured by evasion from conflict, and that to come off without scars is, in itself, an advantage. Now, reverting to the circumstances of the human beings who surround me, I consider that the class of domestic servants is greatly to be

pitied for the destiny which packs them together the whole day long in disregard of all natural affinities. We are prone to smile with indulgent, or frown with non-indulgent temper at "servants' quarrels," but how inadequately do we realize their difficulties! Here are, say, a dozen or half-a-dozen persons brought into close companionship from no mutual predilection on their part, whose daily duties keep them continually in presence of each other, whose lives must be passed side by side, constantly jostling each other in the necessary business of the day, inhabiting the same apartment, sitting at the same board, uneducated in general, or, if better educated some than others, liable to be thrown cheek by jowl with associates all the more repugnant because of their greater coarseness and vulgarity. What wonder that a plentiful crop of quarrels should be engendered in such a soil? The marvel rather is that the domestic machine can be got to work at all with so many ill-fitting screws and levers. Ye who "change servants" continually in search of the Will o' the Wisp Perfection, would do better to content yourselves with the Imperfections that are content to whistle down their own worries and work on. "I have quite made up my mind," said an experienced mistress of a family of my acquaintance, "never to turn off a servant for any crime short of murder." The very monotony of their life, too, must be such a cause of friction. Every householder knows, at critical moments, how much may be done by "a treat from missus," in the shape of a holiday in common, or a festive meeting, to disperse the gathering combustibles; just something to vary the daily round, and bring pleasant associations into the common stock of ideas. What the amenities of daily intercourse may be among a set of females devoted to a life of special devotional discipline in common, we know from the memorable revelations of "Saurin v. Starr." One can imagine the trembling efforts to cloak the movements of spite with religious "intention" and pious phraseology, which must constitute the labour of every hour in such a case. No way of escape from it in the inexorable convent routine. Methodical rule from outside is by no means your best reconciler.

I strike my hand upon my head. Am I a very quarrelsome person myself, that I can so keenly appreciate the temptations to this vulgar every-day "falling out?" (By the way, what is the derivation of

that term? To *fall out* would seem to mean the diverging or departing from a line of road pursued originally by persons tending towards the same end. A and B "fall out," they defalcate from the prescribed course which was to hold them together.) My conscience does not convict me of being especially litigious, irascible, wayward, or exacting, although I would not venture to pronounce that I am free from the tendency which causes the unhappiness of so many of my neighbours. But of one thing I am sure, that when I am on the outside of a quarrel, I strongly object, in cool blood, to overstepping the borders; and this because of what Polonius says,

Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but being in, Bear it that th' opposer may beware of thee.

It is this last behest that gives me pause. It does imply such a world of thought, trouble, and perplexity. Why, the taking home to one's business and bosom a good-sized handsome quarrel, reminds me of nothing so much as of the enforced reception of that formidable White Elephant with which Eastern sovereigns were wont to endow some *ci-devant* favourite whom they designed decorously to ruin. To feed, house and tend, with due respect, the princely beast, would cost the unhappy possessor more than all the care and treasure he had it in his power to expend; and he sank at last under the very magnificence of the donation. And so, to maintain a goodly quarrel with due consideration to every point of honour, rightly judging where to plant the sting, where to guard one's own weak point; to discern every coign of vantage for one's self or for the enemy; to frame one's speeches and written sentences with a lawyer's regard to every construction that may be put upon them; to adjust one's self to one's opponent's frame of thought; to guess how such or such a turn of affairs is likely to exhilarate or to depress him: all this takes so much out of a man; usurps so vast a proportion of his time and faculties; sucks so effectually the marrow out of his bones; leaves him so destitute of zest for pursuits unconnected with his main object: quarrels of this deep, personal, spiteful nature are, in short, so subversive of the whole moral system; and, what is more, are so very exhausting to an indolent nature, that, for my part, I feel I would fain enter into a compact to give them up by general consent, like those humane potentates who agree to outlaw certain destructive missiles in battle on

account of their exceeding destructiveness, so that one almost hopes in time to see war itself made contraband of war, under a very sensible universal estimate of its horrors. Would you not often rather *not* see an intended offence, or put a laboriously charitable construction on troublesome people's conduct, so that you might only avoid the necessity of quarrelling? I would. I cannot possibly imagine any human being of so perverse a mould, or of taste so unaccountable, as to require the caution given by the writer of the Book of Proverbs: "Strive not with a man without a cause, if he have done thee no harm." Why, truly here were a swash-buckler, a man most wanton in wrangling, by whom such advice were needed. It were well not to come within some leagues of that man's orbit.

Doubtless there are many natures that take quarrels in a lighter way, rather as vivifying stimulants than as consuming volcanoes, and that rush into them, without pause or premeditation, from the most trivial cause. They get out of them, too, quicker than other mortals, and face about on their old opponents and their quondam allies, like those dexterous ships of modernized warfare which used to rout the heavy Spanish galleons. They wonder that others are so long in "coming round;" they wonder also that others are so slow to catch offence. I almost envy these guerilla combatants for their elastic temper; but then I doubt their knowing much of the tender constancies of human feeling.

In frivolous court circles, like that of Louis XIV., as depicted in the memoirs of his time, from the Fronde downwards, one meets with many examples of this light, capricious quarrelling. Friends melting in mutual *épanchement* one moment, would

On a dissension of a doit break out
To bitterest enmity,

the next. Narrow-minded, ill-educated, slanderous female gossips—for such were most of those fair Longuevilles, Montpensiers, and the like, who have made history sparkle with their fame—were naturally the very personages to show skill in the degrading warfare of private jealousies and rivalries. Their dexterity often consisted in carrying things outwardly with a fair face. There is a characteristic story told by Madame de Caylus, of Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon: how, when their mutual aversion (on very vital grounds, it must be allowed) was at its height, this uncongenial pair, the supplanter and the supplanted, found them-

selves one day boxed up *tête-à-tête* in the same carriage on one of the royal pleasure-excursions to Marly. No very delightful prospect, we can imagine, a couple of hours' drive for two such companions under the circumstances. Three alternatives were before them, fighting, sulking, or chatting. The first was not *comme il faut*, the second was abhorrent to *spirituelles* Frenchwomen. Madame de Montespan, who, being first in dignity, had the initiative, boldly accepted the third, but without compromising the "situation." "Don't let us be made fools of by this accident," she said, when the carriage-doors closed upon them; "let us chat as if we had no difference whatever; but with the understanding, you know, that we don't love each other a bit the more for it, and will take up our quarrel again when we get back." From Madame de Montespan, the bejewelled Sultana of the most splendid of monarchs, to a homely Devonshire farmer, what a descent! Yet the same touches of human nature peep out under every condition, and the above anecdote irresistibly reminds me of the farewell speech of Farmer Appledrane. He and his brother had been at deadly feud, and had bullyragged each other to the utmost in the richest dialect of the South Hams. But sickness befell Farmer Appledrane, and he was like to die. He dared not go to his last account with the burden of a quarrel on his mind, and a quarrel with one so near of kin. So he sent for his brother, and hand grasped hand. A sigh from the sick bed. A sigh of relief, might it be, from the unburdened conscience? No; it was a sigh of mortification for having to change his front at last, and being driven to renounce a position fortified by so many hard words and proud feelings. But a saving clause suggests itself. "Wull, Jann," says the moribund farmer, "so now, do'ee see, if so be I die, why 'tis as 'tis. But if I gits round again, why 'tis as 'twas."

That art softens manners, has often been said. The mention of Devonshire links on, by association, the last story with one current in the bygone generation in the same region of our country. Two dancing-masters, brothers, had fallen into feud, and had not had any intercourse with each other for a long time. One had gone to Paris, and had there learnt some new and brilliant development of his art. After his return, he was pursuing his way from Exeter, over the breezy heights of Haldon to fulfil some professional engagement. It so happened that Terpsichoreus

the younger was traversing Haldon also, in the opposite direction, with a similar purpose in view. The gigs approach each other on the chalky common. Professional enthusiasm gets the better of hostile grudge. The elder brother hails the younger, and jumping out of his vehicle, begs him to observe and make acquisition of the new "step" which he has just imported from foreign parts, and which he forthwith executes in first-rate style mauge the roughness of his dancing-ground. Perfect reconciliation ensues, as a matter of course. To dance to a man and then to sulk with him would be impossible; unless indeed, the dance happened to be a dance of spite, as may sometimes be. "She laughs at me and she dances at me," I have heard alleged by the aggravated party in a kitchen quarrel.

It is certain that one topic of mutual sympathy will do more to harmonize men's jarring dispositions than a bushel of elaborate arguments. A smile, in common, at some ludicrous incident, an indignation, in common, at some intolerable wrong, an enthusiasm, in common, at some manifestation of the great or beautiful, these are potent influences which will oftentimes waft old grudges to the winds, and baffle even the mischievous offices of the "peacemaker."

For, of all mischief-working people, the complacent peacemaker, the outsider who seeks to reconcile differences without having tact or discernment for the mission, is one of the worst. It is such a mistake, in the first place, for a man standing high and dry out of a quarrel, to assume that his moral ground is necessarily a post of virtuous elevation over those whose struggles he so pitifully contemplates. A quarrel may be a very naughty thing, or it may not. It may be an unavoidable thing, resulting only from a defective state of knowledge in the parties constituting it, joined to very warm and honest feeling. The famous shield in the fable has both a golden and a silver side; it is of no use, for peace sake, to try and persuade men coming in contrary directions, that their eyes are in fault and that it has neither. If the platitudes of a pragmatical outsider, with no better means of judging than they had themselves, had forced Paul and Barnabas to an agreement; either Paul must have consented to forego his deliberate opinion as to the fitness of the instrument to be employed on a work of vital importance, or Barnabas must have been untrue to his conviction of his nephew's claims and character.

Charles Lamb, in one of his Popular Fallacies, has exposed the falsity of the current maxim, "Of two disputants the warmest is generally in the wrong." No such thing, maintains the acute moralist. "Coolness is as often the result of an unprincipled indifference to truth or falsehood, as of a sober confidence in a man's own side in a dispute. Nothing is more insulting sometimes than the appearance of this philosophic temper. There is little Tiberius, the stammering law-stationer in Lincoln's Inn. We have seldom known this shrewd little fellow engaged in an argument, where we were not convinced he had the best of it if his tongue would but fairly have seconded him."

La Bruyère not less emphatically refutes an outsider's maxim of the same undiscerning kind. (And here, by the way, it strikes me, how large a collection might be made of "outsiders' maxims," scraping on all the moral difficulties of human life, but penetrating no further than their merest rind!) La Bruyère says:—

"When a violent quarrel has occurred between two persons, of whom one is in the right and the other in the wrong, what most lookers-on are sure to do, either in order to save themselves the trouble of judging, or from a natural tendency which has always seemed to me out of place, is to condemn both parties alike. An important lesson this; and a very cogent and undeniable reason why one should always fly straight off to the east when a perverse fool is in the west, lest by any chance one should come to share the blame of his wrong-headedness."

La Bruyère has hit a right nail here. This is one of the most provoking of stereotyped moralities, and not the less irritating because it contains the fallacy of a half truth. In most quarrels undoubtedly there are faults on both sides. A heartless taunt from the aggressor incites, it may be, resentment,—culpable, but not unnatural,—from his victim. Possibly the least offending party, in a moral sense, may be that which incurs guilt in the eye of the law. Or again, the aggressive party may be aggressive from a right motive. He may be roused by some unjust or dishonourable action to make a quarrel that did not find him. The fact is, that from the nursery where the "good child" feels so particularly virtuous when he sees his brothers and sisters fall out, and repeats Dr. Watts's hymn with double gusto, to the pulpit where the official Mentor descants on the turpitude of all disagreements between neighbour and neighbour, there is no class

of misfortune or misdoing for which the lecture is more ready, the thoughtful sympathy more scant. Is all quarrelling avoidable? With stagnant natures, or in exceptionally smooth circumstances of life, yes, possibly. Corners there may be, in this moling world, of such halcyon tranquillity that, as the German proverb has it, there the fox and hare wish each other good-night. Tempers there are, doubtless, as blest by nature, as that of the Elector of Saxony described by Luther, who was "without guile and without bile." But such scenes, such tempers must be exceptional. Let them make the most of them, who are born to their possession. The world being what it is, we ask again, *ought* quarrels always to be avoided? No; a thousand times no; in spite of Dr. Watts and the parson. There are seasons when honour, faith, and principle require one to enter the lists, and often, sad to say it, when there is on both sides good intention. Witness Paul and Barnabas again. Until human observation and judgment can be made perfect, there always will be dissensions, even to the death, as to the shape and colours of the innumerable objects which turn diverse sides to diverse beholders. Is this cry, this symbol, on which the history of mankind for generations may depend, a pernicious lie, or is it a noble invigorating truth? According as I believe it is to be the one or the other, I may be called on to fight out my heart's blood, like Hampden — or like Falkland!

Brave words, my masters! and let them be proclaimed with crash of trumpets. But of this it behoves you to have special care, all who quarrel "on principle," that your game is worth its candle. In the warfare of individuals, as of nations, the real case often is, that wrath, and pride, and the fatal love of the "last word" add on to the original cause of dissension till the essence is altogether lost in its accidents, and the appeal to "principle" becomes rightfully ridiculous in the eyes of the watchers from the heights.

The strifes that have vented themselves in inkshed are not less malignant than those that have vented themselves in bloodshed. Are not the controversies of the learned well known to be repertoires of personal abuse, and of as much "bad language" as can be heard in the slums of Billingsgate? The Earl of Rochester once said to Bishop Burnet, "a man could not write with life unless he were heated by revenge: for to make a satire without resentment, upon the cold notions of philosophy, was as if a man would in cold blood

cut men's throats who had never offended him." Yet the "cold notions of philosophy" have had a wonderful power in *inspiring* resentments. Once famous, but long forgotten among the dust-heaps of literary lumber, was the so-called "Mathematical War," carried on between Hobbes, the old Philosopher of Malmesbury, and Dr. Wallis, Savilian Professor at Oxford. "Hobbes," says Isaac Disraeli, "was one of the many victims who lost themselves in squaring the circle and doubling the cube." The more he lost his way, the more confident he was that he was going right. *Six Lessons to the Professors of Mathematics in Oxford* was a tolerably arrogant title to affix to a geometrical argument. *Due Correction for Mr. Hobbes, or School Discipline for not saying his Lessons right*, was scarcely an unfair rejoinder. Seventeen years the controversy lasted. Irony and invective seized on every vulnerable point of morals or of temper. Those who "began with points, and doubling the cube, and squaring the circle," reviled each other for moroseness, arbitrariness, vanity, republicanism, and what not, till at last their voices died away in the stillness of the grave. Hobbes was beaten, but not quelled: —

Sed nil profeci, magnis authoribus error
Fultus erat, cessit sic Medicina malo,

was his last word. But Wallis outlived him, and could point a moral at his memory without fear of contradiction. Speaking of some laborious business on which he was engaged, he said it was "as hard almost as to make Mr. Hobbes understand mathematics." Perhaps our modern sages — our Comteists, and our Darwinites and their opposers — have learnt to restrain their pens under more decent conventionalities; but there is assuredly no field of debate on which there exists a fiercer, more enduring spirit of antagonism, than on that of calm, unworldly, abstract science. Political rivals are placable by comparison, and for this reason, that political exigencies are always shifting, and principles have, ever and anon, to give way to opportunity.

A generally established system of shorthand-writing is said to be a desideratum in the railway pace of modern civilization. For the conduct of pen-and-paper combats it would be in the eyes of many an immense boon. Who knows but it might have something of the effect of needle-guns in modern warfare, making a seven days' of an otherwise seven years' war? I knew a case of a family quarrel in which one of

the champions adopted the use of quill-pens for evermore from experiencing the difficulty on that occasion of tracing with sufficient rapidity the energetic sentences required under the friction of a metal nib.

Some natures prefer the arena of *viva voce* discussion. The heat of argument, when tongue sharpens tongue, is apt to explode in very unguarded, extravagant vehemences, so that to "speak one's mind" upon a controverted subject is a synonym for a hard set-to fight. Yet there are times when a personal encounter may open up the best issue. When written controversy has been spun to vexatious length, and there seems no road out of the labyrinth, and antagonists *wish* to be reconciled, yet know not how to withdraw from their formulated positions without the horrible fear of seeming stupid or yielding, then bring them face to face. A grasp of the hand, accompanied by an inexorable mutual prohibition of anything like *explanation*, may wipe out the contention of the past for ever.

That the topic of quarrels between friends should have inspired some very effective passages in poetry is not to be wondered at; the contrasts brought into play are among the strongest, most pathetic, in life. Quarrels between tried friends are in fact more really tragic than lovers' quarrels, which are apt to turn upon some slight personal ground, and if not—as they so often are—ended by prompt reconciliation, are at least transitory in their smart, however severe at the time. The offended swain who drowns himself because his mistress had "words" with him, would soon have ceased to grieve if he could have tided over the first distress. If Chloe flouts me from momentary caprice or ill-humour, a sunny morning, a pleasant walk, will presently set all right. If she flouts me because she does not care for me, I shall be a fool not to gulp down my vexation after one choke—

If she be not kind to me,
What care I how fair she be?

But caprice has commonly no part in the antagonism of sworn comrades. Principle, character confidence,—these are the fundamental bonds of friendship, and these are they which are wrenched and riven when a dispute definitively separates chief friends. Accordingly, the really tragic passages in poetry have reference more to the feuds of friends than to the feuds of lovers. Take the immortal scene between

Brutus and Cassius in Shakspeare; take Coleridge's *Roland and Sir Leoline*—

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult, to his heart's best brother:
They parted — ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder —
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

That is the direful grief, the sense of union in disunion! The incompleteness, the "hollowness" of the heart that has lost its answering heart beyond recovery! O thou who art threatened with the alienation of an old and tried friend, by some difference which neither thou nor he know how to get over, spare him—spare each other if you can; leave margin for reconciliation! Be very slow to take personal offence; be slower still to speak the bitter word which may never be recalled. There are temporary obscurings of regard, and there are obliterations more deadly than death. Some winters since there was a mighty tempest in the West Indian latitudes; the sea rose mountains high, and a hurricane swept all before it, and a rumour went forth that an island had bodily "disappeared." But the tempest passed, and Tortola stood out again, damaged, truly, for a time, but not submerged. It was the vehemence of the elements that had hidden it from view. Trust and hope for a return of old sentiment when the gale of disagreement is past. Characters are so different in the framework of their sensibilities. Damon may be carelessly, even capriciously, hurting at times, yet may glow with generous self-sacrifice and warmest love when need occurs to Pythias. Let Pythias only be true, constant, unexacting; let him give Damon plenty of rope, and not irritate him by querulous remonstrances. The sense of justice and truth will bring back his love—his consciousness of love, we should rather say—more surely than all the frettings of reproach.

Having drifted somehow into a sermonizing vein, I will conclude with a few practical suggestions to "all about to quarrel." I venture not to say simply, "Don't," like the adviser to "those about to marry" in *Punch*. I only say, first, Defer. Postponement may be the thief of time in business arrangements; it is often the safety-belt of tempers in the acrimonious waters of repartee. Oh, defer your cause from

Philip drunk to Philip sober; from the disputant of 11 A.M. on Monday morning to the same disputant one week—ay, or, it may be, one day—later. How will the perspective of things, in all possibility, have shifted its bearings in the interval, till the “situation” knows itself no more. It was the fatal mischief of duelling, formerly so common among us, that the challenge, once given and accepted, on some occasion, perhaps, as remote from the real interests of two convivial disputants as the politics of the planet Jupiter, it seemed cowardice to back out of it, however needless the quarrel might appear in the light of morning meditation.

Secondly, cultivate varied intellectual interests. The greater variety of attractive subjects of thought you possess, in matters out of yourself, the less you will care to spare attention for petty personal provocations. Bright, sunny fancies—best nurtured in “flashes of solitude”—sweeten the mind.

Thirdly, aim at acquiring a sympathetic heart. And as, according to some metaphysicians, all sympathy is based on imagination, make it your business to picture to yourself the peculiarities and the difficulties of others, so that the next step may

be to feel tolerant of them. And here we come round to the doctrine of the Book of Proverbs, that “understanding” is the great means of keeping one straight. The more dogged and stupid a mind is, the less hope of steering clear of a collision with it.

There is a touching passage in a poem by Coventry Patmore, not immediately accessible to me, which embodies the reflections of one in the first moments of bereavement, dwelling, in that strangely vivid light which no fogs of working-day existence obscure, on the thought of the friend with whom life’s familiar scenes have been passed. At that moment, how does not all love, all regret, all self-examination concur in the one yearning wish that no word intended for affront, no action intended for pain-giving hostility or defiance, had ever been set down in the note-book which unforgiving, unforgetting conscience keeps as a witness against itself! And, could we only think of *that* moment with reference to any friend against whom we are about to launch the bitter taunt, how would it not seem worth our while to make every effort at self-restraint, if only for the selfish aim of making our own heartache in the severance of death more tolerable!

One of the most frequent errors we all make in life is the valuing a thing according to the difficulty of obtaining it. And this error is universal. I do not believe that anybody is free from it. No doubt the desire of overcoming a difficulty was implanted in the human breast for very good reasons; but we have carried this desire to an extreme; and it mostly renders us blind as to the real value of the object we pursue.

In Love, for instance, the easiest conquest is the best. I know that this is a very daring saying, but I am persuaded that it is a true one. The love which soonest responds to love—even what we call “love at first sight”—is the surest love, and for this reason—that it does not depend upon any one merit or quality, but embraces in its view the whole being. That is the love which is likely to last—incomprehensible, undefinable, unarguable about. But this love often fails to satisfy man or woman. And he or she pursues that which is difficult to obtain, but which, from that very circumstance, is not the best for him or her.

The same thing occurs in Friendship. The friends that are easiest made, are the best friends and the most lasting. But often an ill-conditioned or even a cantankerous man offers some attraction, by reason of difficulty, to other men

to gain his friendship. After much effort, what friendship this man can give is perhaps gained, and is ultimately found out to be worth but little.

As an additional argument for not being led away by the difficulty of the pursuit, let us remember how very short life is.

In material things the folly of pursuing them eagerly, merely because the pursuit is difficult, is very apparent. A man will seek after some almost hopeless honour, or some station in society which he never attains, or finds worthless when attained; and all the while he neglects the pleasant things in life which are round him and within the reach of his hand. The daisies and the primroses and the violets he passes with an unheeding eye, caring only for some plant that blossoms once in a hundred years.

I repeat my belief that the most frequent error in life is the placing an inordinate value, merely on account of its difficulty, upon that which it is difficult to attain; and I would have for a motto one that has never yet been selected by mortal man, and which should run thus—“Choose the easiest.”

I am not afraid of quelling men’s efforts in high endeavour by this motto. They will always be prone enough to run after what is difficult.

Arthur Helps.

CHAPTER VIII.

GO OR STAY.

"THERE is a very kind invitation for you May, from your aunt at Brickwall," said Mrs. Dimsdale, one morning.

"Must I go, papa? I'd much rather stay at home," replied May, looking at her father, and remembering certain passages with Lionel, wafts from the *pays du tendre*, which she did not at all wish to encourage, yet which could hardly be put into words without making more of them than was desirable. She was not intimate with her mother, and it was quite possible that any hint of this would make her discuss "particulars," of which May had a horror, and then declare there was nothing in them.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dimsdale, who was not especially fond of a visit to her sister's herself, and therefore naturally resented the same feeling in her children, "you never seem to wish to go to your aunt's. I can't think why not; it's very kind of her to ask you, and I don't know any girls better brought up than your cousins. I wish you were half as well-educated."

The Squire made a wry face, but May's head was luckily turned the other way.

"I should like you to go certainly," ended her mother, decisively and more solemnly than the occasion demanded.

"You'd better do as your mother wishes," said Mr. Dimsdale, going out of the room, though he might have known that May would not appeal again. "You needn't stay long," he looked in once more to say. "We will send you to the New Inn, and they'll meet you there, of course."

It was a pleasant spring day — buds bursting, larks soaring, and May, who rarely left home, felt her spirits rise, when at the solitary little half-way inn she found her three cousins.

"Lionel's driving," said Clara; "won't you go on the box with him, May?"

"Oh, no, let me come with you, dear," she answered quickly; "I haven't seen you both for such a long time."

But as the carriage was a sort of inside car, which Lionel had instituted since his return home instead of the heavy old barouche, the box-seat and those within were not very far apart, and the drive back was pleasant with a careless merriment not common under Brickwall rule.

"Look how prettily your cottage is turning out, May," said Amy as they passed the unfinished building near their own gates.

"I'm very thankful to hear so, though

I'd nothing whatever to do except drawing on as I was bid," she answered, smiling as she leant out to see. "Oh, yes, I believe I did wring that additional gable and the labels over the windows out of papa, he was so afraid of Aunt Wilmot and her estimates."

"They'd have looked like eyes without eyebrows; it was a great improvement. I was very much obliged," observed Lionel, looking over his shoulder instead of at his two young horses.

"Oh, mind that corner! You shaved that post most frightfully near, Lionel," cried Amy anxiously.

"Sit down, Clara," said Lionel, very distinctly, as his sister started up in the carriage. "How can you be so unwise, you were as nearly over as possible."

"I hope you managed your span of forty oxen better," laughed Clara a little frightened, but recovering herself. "You'd have had me put under arrest in Caffreland I suspect; you were a frightful despot out there, now weren't you, Lionel?"

"Take care, you'd better not speak evil of dignities; remember he has got our lives still in his hand, Clara," said May.

"No man's obliged to criminate himself," answered he with a smile; "and I'm in May's blackest books as it is, I know, for shooting a savage instead of letting him shoot me!"

"Oh, Lionel, you never told us about the savage," cried his sisters; but they were now driving up to the house, and all such unseasonable gaiety subsided. Everything there was in such order, that if a dead leaf was seen blowing about on the gravel, a gardener was sent for immediately to take it into custody.

"I did not know that you intended to go with the girls to-day, Lionel," said his mother gravely, when she saw him handing May out of the carriage, as she led the way into the drawing-room. It was a pleasant room, or would have been, under a different régime. Its three large old-fashioned sash-windows with their deep window-seats looked over the sloping lawn and garden with an open, if rather bald, view beyond; but all the wood-work, the handsome oak panels of the walls, and the curious-carved chimney-piece had been painted a greenish white under Lady Wilmot's rule. It could not be denied, in spite of its barbarism, that the room was more cheerful for the misdeed.

It was never, however, used except in the evening, and the furniture had that exasperating look of tidiness which throws a cold chill upon the most warmly dis-

posed; a circle of smart books lay on the bare table, which one knows without opening to have no more insides than if they were sham boxes, while the chairs all looked as if they were screwed into the floor, and there was a general colourless insipidity about the whole air of the room which was considered "elegant" some thirty years ago.

"It would be a great improvement to clean off all this paint, don't you think so, May?" said Lionel, turning to her. "I've been considering whether it couldn't be done ever since you were all talking of it so much at Fernyhurst."

"I'm afraid that May's taste can hardly be depended upon after her unlucky failure at the cottage," observed her aunt a little acidly. Lionel looked surprised, he had not counted on so ungracious a response, and was silent, while his mother opened the door into the next room to cut short any such objectionable discussions.

It was small and dull, with an Eastern aspect, but as Lady Wilmot always sat there with the girls, it looked, in spite of these drawbacks, so much more comfortable and homely, that they were all glad to take refuge in it.

The rest of the day passed quietly away. Every hour was subjected to "proper discipline" under Lady Wilmot's sway, and though it was slightly relaxed in May's favour, or rather for Lionel's sake (as nothing else could have produced a change in the "customs" of the place, as rigid as those of Dahomey), yet by rule was every word and deed, every bite and sup performed. May knew that her aunt did not like her — to think for oneself about anything is a great crime with Lady Wilmot's class of minds. Indeed, if you know that you are infallible, and that your opinion is in all things, and at all times, superior to that of every other human being, how can you help giving your fellow-creatures the advantage of it, and regulating all before you from the purest philanthropic motives? So that May found herself, as usual, in a perpetual *douche* of improving remarks, no doubt very salutary, but not by any means a fascinating style of intercourse.

"How very odd you should wear those absurd little grey boots! why don't you get proper thick ones like mine?" "What! you've never read Russell's 'Modern Europe'?" "Not enjoy Cowper's poems! Indeed, my dear, you *have* a great deal to learn." "What a very untidy thing that jacket is!" had been going on from time to time pretty continuously. And the next morning, after breakfast,

when they had all retired into the book-room, Lady Wilmot, annoyed at Lionel for following them in, went on with redoubled asperity.

"I don't like that way of wearing the hair at all," said she, looking with much distaste at her niece's rich brown locks, which had a chestnut tinge as the sun shone on them in the window, where she was standing thoughtfully with some sprigs of myrtle in her hand which Amy had just given her.

"Oh, mamma, I think it is so pretty," burst out Clara as May turned away with a deep blush, not at all liking the attention which her aunt's remarks drew upon her. Lionel, who admired both the hair and its owner very much, got up and walked to the door, a good deal annoyed at his mother's performances.

"I should like a word with you about Farmer Walker, Lionel, if you can give me a few minutes in the study," said she, going out after him. She was honestly at this time pretending to herself that she intended to give up the management of home affairs to her son, elaborately consulting him about every little detail, and then always finding the best possible reasons for not doing what he suggested. The "study" had been her place of business during the long period of her husband's incapacity for such matters, and a capital woman of business she was, and admirably had all the affairs of the family been conducted there during her regency. Although she now, with much ceremony, always talked of the room as "Lionel's," she was perpetually in and out of it, and though whenever he proposed to her to stay there she absolutely refused, she had, not unnaturally, a good deal of difficulty in giving it up. In a few minutes they both came out again together, Lady Wilmot saying, with dignity, as she went upstairs, "Of course, if you wish it, Lionel, it must be done, but I really must warn you that it would be the ruin of the place. Your dear father would never have suffered such a thing for a moment."

"Well, do as you please, mother, I dare say it'll be all right," answered her son, coming back into the book-room, and looking round rather to his disappointment, when he now found Amy there alone. "What a 'terrible Turk' my poor old father must have become since I saw him last; if he said and did all the things ascribed to him by tradition," he went on, laughing a little savagely.

Amy looked up a good deal frightened from the heap of books which she was cov-

ering with brown paper. "Oh, Lionel, please don't."

"I wish my mother wouldn't consult me; it is such a farce! Let her drive the team her own way until —. If I only knew whether I should go or stay," he muttered to himself as he threw himself down on the sofa, which was of that uncompromising kind with hard scrolls and wooden knobs in all sorts of inconvenient directions, as if to protest against any idea of comfort, much less lounging. "There's hardly a chair in the house fit to sit on," he went on, half aloud.

"I don't quite understand, dear," said Amy, anxiously; "you're not thinking about going away again, Lionel, surely?"

But Lionel was silent.

"Has she asked that poor Jones, after all, to dinner to-morrow, do you know?" (Jones was the curate), he went on presently. "It's so unkind not to have him here oftener when there are so few houses about for him to go to."

"She doesn't like him," observed Amy, timidly; "she fancied that he interfered about the school too much, but I believe he was right after all. I wish she'd let him do more there; he really knows a great deal about it."

Lionel gave a sort of impatient little snort. "If she has not written, I shall just walk down and ask him myself," said he; "It's downright rude to leave him out in this way. What's become of Clara and May?"

"Mamma has sent them somewhere about something," answered she wearily; "I believe it was to the farm."

"I can't think what you can find in that Jones, that you want to have him to dinner in this way," said his mother, in an annoyed tone, when she found her son alone later in the day.

"I don't find much, dear mother," he said gently, "but he's a plain, straightforward, honest man, and I don't like that he should feel himself neglected; one more at dinner won't add much to your trouble, I hope."

"And then such sermons as he preaches," went on Lady Wilmot, without listening; "I really must have some conversation with him about them some day; he is becoming so exceedingly —"

"Pray don't, dear mother: you know I shouldn't like him to give me advice, however good, upon my company drill, or you about the conduct of your household," answered Lionel, smiling kindly.

"But then that's quite different, Lionel; he knows nothing whatever about these

things," replied Lady Wilmot with some heat.

"I think I hear the horses at the door, didn't you talk of taking us all somewhere to-day? May, have you ever seen Walsall Abbey?" said he as she came up with her bonnet on. "Isn't Amy coming?"

"Mamma says that Amy's got a cold."

"Your father didn't at all approve of the course the Barlows took about the Catholic question," observed his mother gravely.

"But we'll promise not to catch their opinions by going into their ruins," replied Lionel. "I thought the Barlows were after my mother's own heart in everything — particularly politics," he went on in a puzzled voice to Clara, as he went out to mount his horse.

"*Nous avons changé tout ça,* though it's we who have altered, not they," answered she in the same low tone, a little flippantly, as she got into the carriage after her mother and May.

Lady Wilmot was a good woman after her own fashion, and rather a clever one, but her conversation could scarcely be called agreeable. There were four distinct walls round her mind; everything within that space was true and certain, everything without was wrong and absurd. There could be no doubt about any matter, no uncertain region where from absence of knowledge or absence of proof the mind must be content to rest as well as it can, and "remain respectfully in doubt," knowing only that it cannot know. She had made up her opinions on everything, from the cut of a petticoat to the doctrine of the Trinity, and where *she* was convinced, it was mere ignorant presumption in any one else to be of a different opinion, or even to deliberate for an instant. "The true is what I think, the right is what I am," was the wording of her thoughts. Her mind was rounded off with the admirable certainty which pervades some epochs of philosophy, and with Archbishop Usher she would have declared with perfect satisfaction to herself that "the world was made on the 3rd of September, of a Wednesday, in the afternoon."

As they drove along she went on zealously improving the opportunity.

"I can't understand the line your father, May, has taken upon this church question, and as to the political side, every one must see how absurd it is that —"

"But, Aunt Wilmot, you yourself —" began May, a little hotly, her colour rising in defence of her father; but a warning

pinch from Clara brought her up short. Where was the use of fighting?

Lady Wilmot had gone round herself in the wake of her favourite statesman; but there is this curious quality belonging to the positive order of minds, that when for any reason they have entirely altered their opinions and "turned their backs," like the Irishman, "upon themselves," they are completely unconscious of it, and, like Lady Wilmot, are always quite as positive of the new form as the old. Inasmuch, indeed, as any opinion is right because they hold it, the new point stands on as firm a ground as the old one, and they are quite as much astonished that you can venture to disagree with "absolute right" which is honestly one in their minds with themselves. But a perpetual laying down of the law in morals, manners, politics, and religion, becomes slightly wearisome to minds which, like May's, have been taught however unconsciously, to look upon perpetual growth as the living law of their existence, brought up as she had been by a man like her father, whose horizon grew ever wider as he rose higher by advance of years: of whom it was more and more true that

"The soul's dark cottage battered and decayed
Lies in new light by chinks which time has made."

And poor May was almost more tired after the drive with her aunt than if she had done the fourteen miles on foot.

Other matters, however, at Brickwall, went on comfortably. Lionel never again appealed to her judgment after the uncomfortable result of his first unlucky remark; he showed no disposition to resist his mother's evident efforts to keep them apart, but contented himself with being a kind and courteous host, and making May feel at ease, while he shewed by every means in his power that she was an honoured and welcome guest, which Lady Wilmot sometimes made a little difficult. May congratulated herself that her visit had brought her into no dangerous rapids, and began to think that she had been nervous without reason.

CHAPTER IX.

"UNDER THE HAWTHORN IN THE DALE."

It was the last day of May's visit, and they were all sitting at breakfast, when Lady Wilmot broke in on some very unimproving laughter, chiefly between the girls, for Lionel had been looking unusually absent and grave during the whole

time. "My dear Lionel, I hope you intend going to the sessions this morning. I particularly desire it."

"Dear mother," said he, rousing himself, "if I were going to stay in England it would all be very right, I dare say, but I may be ordered off any time, here to-day and gone to-morrow, and it would be very absurd of me to go and put my nose into affairs I know nothing about."

But Lady Wilmot was not to be daunted, and she went on at such a length that Lionel at last answered, rather impatiently—

"Very well, mother, I'll go; don't let's say anything more about it."

Lady Wilmot rose and rang the bell. "You may take breakfast away, Thomas. Were you not going to give some order about your horses, Lionel?" she said, turning to her son. The measure was a little strong, but he kept his temper.

"Tell John to put the saddle on Black Bess," he said. "I shall be back, Clara, in time to ride with you and May," and he went out of the room without a word more.

Even Lady Wilmot, through her somewhat rhinoceros hide, felt a little quiver at her victory. Here was she ordering about the master of the house like a child—a man who had been in command of a military district and many hundred men, and judging for him as if he had been ten years old. But of course, she "knew that she was right," and she therefore turned upon the others with double asperity. Clara was sent off to the school, Amy to look up some home matters. May, who had been longing for an hour to herself, slipped away, but she was not to be allowed so to escape. A little while after, Lady Wilmot passed through the book-room, and giving divers orders to Amy, observed:—"And when you have done you can come straight to me and finish that chapter of the 'Modern Europe.' I wonder where May is. You had better call her. I was quite shocked at her ignorance yesterday. It was evident she hadn't a notion of the date of the discovery of gunpowder!"

"But mamma," said Amy timidly, "May knows a great deal of things."

"How can you talk such intolerable English, my dear? A great deal of things! Yes, she's quite blue in that sort of loose way—here a little, and there a little, where she likes it, but no order, no method."

Now, I regret to say that May was all this time squatted on the ground before a bookcase in the corner, behind the shelter

of a long table cover, and that she did not stir or give herself up, but let her aunt pass on without making any sign. She had fished out an article on Mrs. Browning (Clara always declared of her that she knew where every book stood much better than the owners). There was nothing more lively than a quarterly review to be found in the house, which was full of those dreadful books "which no gentleman's library should be without," and with her prize she sped through an open window as fast as she could. If her aunt had called her, her conscience would have caused her to reply, but though it is to be feared it was but a subtle casuistical distinction, she did not feel obliged to give herself in custody without. The whole garden was on the slope of the hill, in full view of Lady Wilmot's searching eye, and May remembered with envy the great old "pleasure-ground" at home, in whose wide green glades a dozen people might take their pastime without interfering with each other. She jumped the hahs at the bottom, and reached at last a little tangle in the park, where the roots of an oak and an old yew made a pleasant seat, and the budding thorns shut it in from observation.

It was a delicious day, bright and cheery, a brisk little breeze just stirred the young leaves of every shade of yellow green, mixed with a beautiful crab, in a full dress of pink and white, in the trees above her head. The birds were answering each other out of every bush, twittering, whistling, singing — the long note of the thrush almost as beautiful as that of the nightingale in the wood beyond — the rooks cawing in the great trees, the lambs bleating in the field below. Flowers were peeping out in every direction, the exquisite little wood-sorrel nestled into the hollow of the oak, tufts of primroses grew on the mossy bank, little strawberry flowers shone like stars, and sweet aromatic whiffs of scent came out of the thyme as she passed her hand with almost a caress over the turf. All the fresh early youth of the year seemed to be bursting into life, and enjoying itself, and May felt like the birds and the flowers. She troubled herself very little about her book, which indeed she had only taken with her because it was a crime at Brick-wall, as in many English houses, to be caught sitting still "only thinking." She now lay back against the trunk of the old tree, looking up at the white fleecy clouds dappling the pale blue sky, or watching a small insect in a shining coat of green shot with gold, which was walking deliberately

up her hand. The feeling of her own smallness and limited capacities came over her — which is almost always the result of the rare occasions when we are alone with Nature. She is carrying on a multitude of operations all around us, which we apprehend so dimly, which clearly have no reference to man, who elsewhere considers himself her master, and fancies that all is framed for his use. What were the birds saying to each other? The notes are like nothing we call music. How did her little beetle communicate with the friend whom he presently met on her sleeve, as he evidently did quite to his own satisfaction?

She was beginning, however, to be a little troubled with remorse for having forsaken Amy, when she turned suddenly, and saw Lionel coming up to her from the field below.

"Why, Lionel, I thought you were judging your fellow-creatures," said she, half rising, a little nervously.

"Hang my fellow-creatures," answered he irreverently. "I've enough to do with myself this morning;" and he sat down very determinedly beside her.

"I fancied no one knew of this hiding-place," said she.

"You see," he put in apologetically, "old Andrews stopped me to ask about selling the 'yoes,' which I know as much about as my mother does of Petty Sessions," he added, half laughing; "and when I came to the foot of the hill I saw a shimmer under the black yew, and came with a proper thirst for information to make out what it might be. Clara said you were fond of this place," he added.

"Yes, we used to make houses here in old days," answered May, her nervousness increasing. What would happen if her aunt should find them thus alone together?

"Read this," he said, noticing her shy looks, and pulling a letter out of his pocket; "I want you to help me to decide."

It was an order to join his regiment in Canada.

"Oh, how hard! What a pity," cried May, looking up from the letter she was reading with a glow of indignation. "Must you really leave England already?"

"Well, I perhaps might exchange, but I've a great mind to sell out. It's sharp practice sending me off so soon; I've hardly had ten months' leave, and I hate going off again, but something might make the staying worse. I can't tell you how I long for a home now, after all these long years spent away in those wild places. It's like a great nick cut out of my life; one

feels so isolated about a heap of interests which everybody else has at their fingers' ends. Won't you come and make a home for me here, May, which it can't ever be as it is, you see for yourself. Dear, I love you so truly that I think I could have made you care for me if I'd only had time. Won't you try even now, though it's at such short notice?" he said, taking hold of both of her hands as she started up.

"Oh! please, pray, Lionel," she entreated, as she tried to set herself free and turned to go, while a little shower of useless pink and white petals fell over her.

"Those rascals at the Horse Guards have hurried me so that I haven't a chance. Won't you think of it, May?" pleaded her cousin. "Ah! you see I was right when I said there might be worse things for me than leaving England," he went on sadly. As she walked rapidly away towards the house by the back way, as she did not dare to pass up through the garden, he kept by her side. "My mother would give up this house, she *does* what is right," he muttered in a low voice. "I never should think of your living here with her." But May hurried on in silence.

They had nearly reached the place where a little boy stood holding his horse.

"Oh! Lionel," she said, "I am so grieved that I ever came here; so grieved for it all, because I like you so much, you know, but as my cousin, only as my cousin. I always hoped we might be like brother and sister together all our lives," and she almost wrung her hands.

"I shan't give up hope; it may grow into a different love perhaps in time; at all events, I shall keep on hoping," he answered bravely.

"No, no!" she cried in great agitation, "you mustn't think any more about it; indeed you mustn't."

"You don't care for any one else?" he inquired, suddenly looking fixedly at her.

"Nobody at all," she said, lifting up her eyes with their honest, straightforward expression; "but I don't think that signifies."

"I do," he answered more cheerfully, "a great deal, else I'd exchange in a regiment for China, and get knocked on the head as quickly as I could. You can't prevent my hoping, May, whatever you do."

They parted, the pain on the pleasant, handsome face making May's heart ache as she slowly turned back towards the house.

Somehow Lionel found the Petty Sessions, or some other business, so absorbing that day, that he could not come back to ride; and they did not see him all the afternoon.

At night there were, fortunately, people at dinner, the unfortunate Mr. Jones among the number, who was most unconsciously of the greatest use, his presence making such a fortunate diversion in Lady Wilmot's mind that, occupied with his obnoxious qualities, she had little time for observing the others.

In the evening came that quantity of bad music necessary in English society, where every young lady is not only bound to play and sing, whether she has ear, taste, and voice, or not, but all her friends are compelled to listen to her. Harmony is charming, even with small capacities of voice, and the separate little tinkles which were murdering Italian bravura songs that night might have produced a very respectable result if they would have worked hard at part singing, madrigals, and glees, as our forefathers used to do.

Lady Wilmot remembered afterwards, however, with considerable satisfaction, that she had scarcely seen May and Lionel speak to each other all the time, and congratulated herself on her good management. Her innuendoes and contradictory accusations against May, — that she was blue, and that she was very ignorant, that she thought too much of her personal appearance, and that she was too careless concerning it, were all directed with the highest motives to the proper guarding of her son's affections, and the direction of her daughters' taste. Having been compelled to ask her niece, she had resolved she would make good use of the opportunity, and here were the fruits before her of her admirable judgment. There is one drawback, however, to infallibility; the persons possessed of it naturally do not try to make out the circumstances of the case or the thoughts of the people whom they undertake to advise, as meaner mortals must; and therefore (whether popes or old ladies) very often deliver their Encyclicals at the wrong time, drive their blow on the wrong nail, and make fast the very point which they want to destroy, so Lady Wilmot's children loved and admired May with all their mights, in spite, or because perhaps of their mother's proceedings, which only made them prize her the more.

CHAPTER X.
INFALLIBILITY.

"I'm ordered off to Canada, mother," said Lionel at breakfast next morning, shortly and suddenly.

"My dear Lionel, you don't say so! What can the Horse Guards possibly be thinking of?" said Lady Wilmot. She was not quite sure whether she was sorry or not. To be monarch of all you survey has its charms. She could not quite reconcile herself to be second at Brickwall; and then it would remove him from any danger of admiring May too much. All these consolations passed rapidly through her mind as she spoke.

"Oh! Lionel," cried the two girls in chorus, "how shocking! why you are only just come home. What a shame! How soon shall you have to go?"

"I must sail in about a month," he said, indifferently.

"My dear boy," remonstrated his mother, "what do you mean? You talk of it as if you didn't mind going a bit."

"Don't you think you could get your leave prolonged?" sighed Clara.

"Isn't there anything which could be done?" cried Amy eagerly.

"I will write myself directly to General Brown," said Lady Wilmot.

"Pray do not! it's quite out of the question, mother," answered Lionel so decidedly that even Lady Wilmot was silenced.

Amy began to cry, and Lionel walked to the window, and looked out without speaking.

"I hope it's a pleasant station," said May timidly, fearing that her silence would be observed by her aunt, and anxious to say something soothing to poor Lionel, who had not trusted himself to speak to her all breakfast. He turned suddenly, and looked at her, but her face had not the meaning in it that he sought there, and he went back to his window once more.

Lady Wilmot was wondering and accusing and lamenting, too much to see what was going on before her eyes.

"There's old Andrews coming in at the gate to speak to me. I must go out to him," said Lionel, at last leaving the room.

The three girls sat silent while Lady Wilmot went on with her exclamations.

"I think I had better go up-stairs and get ready," said May at last, in a low voice; "papa said he would send to meet me at one."

"I shall take you to the New Inn my-

self," said her aunt, cheerfully, rejoiced to get her out of the house, and determined at such a moment for the softening of hearts to leave no opening for mischief. "You may go too, if you please, Clara; so you'd better put on your things at once. I beg, young ladies, that you'll be ready in time, and not keep the carriage waiting."

No one answered, but Amy followed her cousin slowly up-stairs into her room.

"Oh, May," she said, bursting again into tears, "I'm sure you could make him stay if you would. Why won't you say a word? He's so fond of you that I'm sure if you were just to say you wished he were not going it would do; for I know he hates it, and I saw how he looked at you. He must have told you before that he was ordered off, I'm sure, for you weren't a bit surprised," she added with a fresh burst of sobs as she sat on the half-filled box. Poor May felt hard driven as she stood silently pretending to fold up her possessions.

"Mayn't I say to him that you're sorry he's going, dear?" said Amy piteously.

"No, Amy, you mustn't really," answered she in sudden terror; "he knows that quite well, and the truth must be true and kindest in the end — truth to oneself and other people," she mused aloud.

"But is it the truth, and what is the truth? I know that he is not bookish enough for you, May; not what they call superior in that way, but he's a very fine fellow for all that. Dear, there are other things besides, and he is so good and patient, see how he behaves to mother. And he is so sensible and clever in his own way; he's got my dear father's temper, and yet he's very firm, and has done more than most men in his life. You'd make him so happy."

To poor May's great relief the maid came in with offers of help at this juncture, so that no more could be said. At the last moment of her departure Lionel was not to be found.

"We really can't wait," said Lady Wilmot magisterially, sitting in state in the barouche.

"He'll be so sorry not to see you again," murmured Amy, standing on the steps of the house.

"You'll wish him good-bye for me, dear," answered May sadly.

"Drive on, Thomas!" cried his mistress authoritatively (probably the only person in the house who did not understand what was going on — a household has sharp eyes and ears on such occasions), and the car-

riage bowled away down the hill. But Lionel repented himself of his stoicism. He reached the lodge by a short cut, and was there panting and flushed to shake hands with her. May's veil was down, and no one could tell what were the feelings under it.

And now Lady Wilmot felt safe indeed, the very adieux had been made under her "eagle eye." She felt so pleased, so satisfied with her success, that she positively petted her niece all the rest of the way; complimented her on her wish to return home, "where she knew how much she was always wanted;" hoped that after Lionel's departure she would repeat her visit "to cheer them a little." It was impossible to get rid of a guest with greater cordiality. In the midst of her sorrow and perplexity (for May was feeling very deeply and painfully) she could not help laughing almost aloud. What would her aunt have been now saying and thinking if she were to turn round and begin, "My dear aunt, Lionel asked me to marry him yesterday, and I think on the whole that I mean to accept him? He proposed, in that case, not to go to Canada, and that you should leave Brickwall immediately." How little Lady Wilmot knew of her obligations to the beloved niece, whom she was embracing so affectionately at parting, for having refused the tempting offer!

"What, Lionel sent off again?" said her father, when she reached Fernyhurst and he heard the news. "I'm sure I'm exceedingly sorry. I was quite fond of the lad. He's a capital fellow, full of sense and feeling, and plenty of practical knowledge besides. I hope he'll find time to come and see us before he goes."

And he wrote off directly to his nephew, while May felt as guilty as if she had been the Horse Guards in person, or rather as that hard-hearted office ought to feel in the opinion of indignant mothers and sisters.

About a month afterwards, May and her father were just coming out from breakfast when Lionel entered, looking pale and out of spirits.

"I must be off again directly," he said, "I have only come to bid you good-bye, Uncle Dimsdale, as you wished it. There is but just time to catch the coach. Can you lend me a horse? I drove over, and Black Bess is done up. Who knows when we shall meet again?" he said hurriedly. "Give me your good wishes. Good-bye."

"Where's your mother, May? She'll never forgive us if she doesn't see Lionel. Run up to her in the boudoir, boy," said

he, and the young soldier cleared the steps three at a time.

May stood sadly leaning against the mullion of the open window at which the soft summer air came in, with the sound of the quiet wind moving among the leaves, but she was not conscious of them. She tried to analyze her own feelings as she heard the murmur of voices in the room above. She was so fond of him, yet she did not love him, she felt sure; not, at least, "in that way." Besides, she could not think of leaving her father, and it was wrong to marry one's cousin, she had always been taught, and she turned though without speaking towards Mr. Dimsdale, who walked up and down the room lamenting aloud the departure of his nephew, and his own loss in him. At last Lionel came flying down into the library as fast as he went up, as if he hardly dared to trust himself, seized May's hands as she stood in the window, and wrung them passionately as he said,—

"Remember, May, I don't give up hoping; don't forget me. At all events you know you've promised to be my sister always," and he rushed again out of the room as if unconscious of his uncle's presence. The Squire followed him to the hall door.

"Good-bye, lad, come back to us safe and sound, and as soon as you can, God bless you!" he called out affectionately as the gig drove rapidly away.

A woman is often never so near to accepting a man as just after she has refused him; even when her reason tells her she has done rightly. When her heart is saddened at the pain she sees she has inflicted, and a reaction from the effort has set in, she asks herself in the collapse whether it was really necessary.

"So that's how it is," said her father, as he came into the room once more. "Poor fellow — poor fellow! Well, I'm very sorry for him — very sorry, indeed. What, you couldn't care for him, May? And he was a fine fellow, too!" He added to himself, "but hardly enough for my May, either."

Poor May was a little disappointed and taken aback. His last words were not uttered aloud. He had said nothing about losing her, or the crime of cousin marriages. When it came to the point, he seemed to have forgotten these things. Her conscience was sorely puzzled, as well as her heart, and she tried vainly to see clearly into it the rest of that day. Was she making no sacrifice, and yet trying to give to herself the credit of one? Had she given up attaching herself to Lionel for

her father's sake, or was it that she really never could care for him? The mixture of motive was too complicated for her to fathom, and, luckily for her, before she had stirred up any more such unwholesome questionings, she had to go out with her father, and they were riding over "sheets of hyacinth."

"That seemed the heavens upheaving through the earth,"

(though Guinevere was not yet written to help them to put the picture into words), and next cantering up a riding leading to a row of hutches in a sheltered place, where the little pheasants were rushing in and out to their foster mothers the hens, in "the copse which must be cut next year."

CHAPTER XI.

AN UNEXCEPTIONABLE MARRIAGE.

IN the following month, the *Morning Post* announced the preliminaries of a matrimonial alliance, &c. . . . between Captain Dimsdale and the only daughter of Lord Cannondale." The Honourable Alicia was not a person to be vulgarly "married." She was not charming and not accomplished, and even her best friends could not say she was very wise; but she was rather pretty, and would have £80,000, and the world considered that Captain Dimsdale had done exceedingly well for himself.

"One can't have everything," he said, philosophically, to himself, as he prepared to announce the fact to his father. The marriage was so unexceptionable that he hardly went through the form even of asking his consent. "She isn't very clever," added the passionate lover, musing; "but that doesn't much signify. I think I can manage."

Hastings had sown and reaped his wild oats, or rather his father for him, and was settling down into a very sensible man. He had been exceedingly spoilt by the world, and was naturally indolent, so that he made scarcely any use of the very good abilities with which nature had most superfluously gifted him. His theory of life was to get through existence with as few annoyances as possible; and as at the present moment the absence of money was perhaps the most serious of his troubles, he caught gladly at so pleasant a solution of them.

Lord Cannondale was the son of a very keen-witted old law-lord, who had risen

from the ranks to very near the top of the tree. Nature seemed to have revenged herself for her prodigality to the father by giving the son rather less sense than other folk. "The only clever thing he is ever known to have done was marrying all this money in tallow or oil, or some nasty smelling thing," as Cecilia observed confidentially to her husband, although she rather encouraged the marriage.

"I hope it's all right," replied her husband, a little doubtfully; "but it seems to me as if the 'Honourable Alicia' inherited from both parents in more senses than one."

At Ferynhurst the news was received favourably. The Seymours were on the whole satisfied; Mrs. Dimsdale trusted Cecilia, and took a bright view of the affair, and Mr. Dimsdale said nothing against it. But after Hastings had himself been down to his home, his father, out as usual with May one day under the shadow of his big trees, unbosomed himself to his usual confidant.

"I wish that Hastings were not so desperately sensible about it. I suppose it's not the fashion nowadays to be in love; it's a pity. It wasn't such a bad fashion after all," said the old man. "When I married your mother, she was a very pretty girl without as many pounds as this young lady has thousands; but I shouldn't have been very patient with the man who thought there was anything wanting in her. I'm sure I'm so hampered for money, that I'm glad enough Hastings will have some; but I wish he didn't think so much about it."

The Cannondale invitations, of course, included the whole family; but Mrs. Dimsdale now never left home, and the Squire wrote such a doleful picture of his infirmities to excuse himself from a visit before the marriage—he who was out on horseback or on foot every day, wet and dry—as greatly amused May, who was to represent the family meantime with Tom. It came to pass, however, that one day after her village excursions, she was not only taken ill, but was declared to have that most unheroic malady—the measles. She was young enough to have preferred a sprained ankle, or even a broken bone—anything less uninteresting—and she went out so little, that it was a great sorrow to miss her bridesmaid. There was no help for her, however. People are as shy of the measles as of the plague.

Now, the Honourable Alicia had been very anxious to impress and dazzle her future relations, and her annoyance was

great when Tom appeared alone with his apologies.

"But why did she go among the cottages at all at such an important time?" said the young lady, with rather a sharp note in her voice, and a doubtful look about the mouth.

Tom was a good deal taken aback; but he was too loyal to his brother to repeat at home what he had seen, and kept his surmises to himself.

The Squire went up to London in due time for the wedding itself; but there was not much information to be gathered by his family on his return as to the lady; and as Mrs. Hastings declared that "it was impossible to go near an infected house," and the season was growing late for Italy, the consequence was that the bride and bridegroom went abroad without paying their respects at Fernyhurst, and it was not till six or seven months after the marriage that their visit came to pass.

Alicia had forgotten her grievances, however, and was in high good humour as they drove through the handsome lodges and up and down the undulations of the beautiful park.

"I shall like to live here very much," she said graciously to her husband. "You hadn't told me how handsome it all was," she went on, putting out her head, as they came up to the house, which had been altered and enlarged, and improved by successive generations, into a very picturesque pile of building, and she entered it with a full intention of being "sweetly condescending" to everybody.

The old Squire, with a little grandson hanging on to his hand, received her in a very patriarchal fashion at the entrance door. They passed together up the hall, which was, in fact, a long low room, its ceiling crossed by many beams, and called "the gallery," which stretched nearly the whole length of the house. Bits of armour, dim-eyed portraits were fastened against the wainscoted walls, with here and there a great antler, from which hung a fox's brush or two. Cases of rare birds, shot on the estate, stood on the carved and inlaid cabinets; a number of tiger and bear skins were spread on the polished oak floor; a billiard table occupied the further end, while round the beautiful old stone fireplace, with small emblazoned shields up the sides, were grouped some armchairs about an old Persian rug. It was all rich and harmonious in colour, as the evening light shone in from a queer oriel window in the corner.

"Very comfortable and handsome indeed; the Dimsdale arms, of course," said

Alicia, approvingly, looking round as the old man led her into the house. He was a shy, reserved, silent man in general; but when roused by any sufficient reason, no one could be more charming, and he was now exerting himself very prettily towards his new daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Dimsdale's greeting was kind, though not so cordial as her husband's; and May, delighted at the prospect of her new sister, hovered round her affectionately, taking possession of her cloak, carrying her bag, all which attentions Alicia received as only proper tribute to her merits.

"You'd better go up-stairs, I think, my dear, hadn't you?" said her husband presently. "You're always so long dressing."

She was so long, indeed, on this occasion, that the whole family had been for some time sitting and standing waiting for her round the drawing-room fire, which Mrs. Dimsdale's invalid habits made necessary, June though it was. And it is an additional reason for being in time for dinner, that you thereby avoid the discussion of your character, for which this is by no means a propitious moment.

"She's decidedly pretty," said Mrs. Dimsdale to the Rector, who had been summoned by the family, as usual, to help in any time of need of whatever kind.

"Yes, so the Squire told us after the marriage, I remember," replied he, a good deal disappointed that this still appeared to be the chief thing to be said of the future queen consort of Fernyhurst.

Mr. Dimsdale leant back in his chair with his eyes on the door; he was somewhat hungry, and a punctual man.

"But why on earth does she wear that hideous thing on her head?" said Charlie, who had run home on purpose to make his sister-in-law's acquaintance.

"That is the very last Parisian fashion in bonnets, my dear but ignorant Charlie," said May, with a smile.

"Which doesn't prevent its being exceedingly ugly," yawned he.

"But it makes the woman mind unable to see it," retorted Tom.

"Not original, dear. He's only cribbing from Walter Scrope, I assure you, Mr. Drayton," May went on to her old friend, trying to laugh, but a little drearily, for her heart was rather sore. She had worked herself up into believing that Alicia's arrival would be a great pleasure in her life, and the blank had already begun to be painful, as the door opened, and Alicia came sweeping in on her husband's arm with a very scanty measure of apology for keeping them all.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

NO. III. — LORD MACAULAY.

MACAULAY represents the second generation of Edinburgh Reviewers. He stands at the head of that race of professional and semi-professional men of letters by whose pens the *Edinburgh Review* was transformed from a mere journal of slapdash criticism and political pasquinades into an organ of brilliant speculation, of original thought, and of polished writing. He was a recruit of Sydney Smith's. The troop of Chancery barristers, University professors, College tutors, and Yorkshire vicars, who constituted the original band of Edinburgh Reviewers fell off one by one; and concurrently with the increase of his practice at the bar, Jeffrey thus found the work of the *Review* falling more and more every year upon his own shoulders. He loved the *Review*, and he loved criticism, but he loved his profession and the honours of that profession more than either; and in his correspondence we find him pressing Smith, and Allen, and Horner, either to send more of their own articles or to beat up fresh recruits. "I am sick of furbishing up other men's rubbish." "I have only been able to write a single article in the present number of the *Review*. All the time I have had to spare has been occupied in vamping up the materials of stray contributors." "Can you not lay your hands on some clever young men who would write for us? The original supporters of the work are getting old, and others too busy or too stupid to go on comfortably; and in Edinburgh the young men are mostly Tories." These sort of sentences crop up repeatedly in his letters. He thought as much of "a clever young man" as Frederick of Prussia thought of a tall grenadier. It was the most acceptable present you could offer him; and of all the clever young men that were picked up in this way in Westminster Hall, in Lincoln's Inn, at Charles Lamb's supper parties in his smoky chambers in the Temple, and in the gilded saloons of Holland House, none apparently gave Jeffrey more gratification than Macaulay. To listen to "a young fellow named Follet" arguing a point of law is said to have been the highest pleasure of Lord Ellenborough's old age, and to look through the MSS. of Macaulay's articles, to correct his proofs, and to hear him read a page or two of his history in MS., and to talk it over after a quiet breakfast in the Albany, formed the pleas-

antest of the critical labours of Francis Jeffrey during the closing years of his life.

And Sydney Smith was as proud of his recruit as Jeffrey was of his contributor. "Yes," he said speaking of him years after, when Macaulay's articles in the *Review* were the talk of half the dinner tables at the West End, and when Macaulay was the most brilliant of his own rivals as a diner-out — "Yes, I take great credit to myself. I always prophesied his greatness from the first moment I saw him, then a very young and unknown man on the Northern Circuit. There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great. He is like a book in breeches." And no one, I presume, will deny Sydney Smith all the credit that he claims on this account, for the contributions of his recruit renewed the youth of the *Edinburgh Review*; and it is no exaggeration, I believe, to add that the Vicar of Foxton changed the whole current of Macaulay's thought, and fixed his mind upon literature as the profession of his life, when he sent his card to Jeffrey as that of a clever young man whose pen might be turned to account in the pages of their buff and blue.

Till then the bent of Macaulay's mind had been to the law, with a seat in the House of Commons and the Great Seal in the future; and perhaps no man ever possessed higher qualifications for success at the Bar. This was the opinion of Dr. Peacock, a man who had known most of the distinguished lawyers then to be found in Westminster Hall, Alderson, Park, and Pollock; and all that Brougham thought "old Zackary's son" needed to ensure the reversion of the patent of the Lord Chief Justice or of the woollack was to read Demosthenes, to get Dante by heart, and to go through two or three years' drudgery in an attorney's office. Macaulay had distinguished himself at Cambridge by his plodding industry and by his brilliant and fascinating eloquence. The ornate and glowing rhetoric that afterwards carried the House of Commons off its feet, placed the young Trinity Commoner, even as an undergraduate, at the head of the rhetoricians of the Union; and the tradition is still cherished how the rooms were crowded when it was known that Macaulay was to take part in one of the debates, how the undergraduates were pushed aside by the Dons, how Masters of Arts trooped in by the dozen, and how that incarnation of college discipline, Dr. Wood, the master of St. John's,

threw aside his *Calculus*, and strolled into the rooms with a week's beard on his chin to sit for an hour with his mouth wide open and listen to Macaulay pouring forth his torrents of polished rhapsody with the vehemence and passion of a Greek sophist reciting the Shield of Achilles from the *Iliad*. Outside the walls of the Union, however, the brilliant declaimer was known as the most hard working of students. He won the Chancellor's prize for English verse in his first year, and in his contest for the Craven Scholarship, a contest turning upon the abstrusest points of grammar, upon a close acquaintance with Latin and Greek idioms, and upon composition in these tongues, carried off the prize against men who were pre-eminently distinguished by their classical acquirements, and by these almost alone, against men like George Long, to whom King's College owes its greatness as a seat of learning, and Henry Malden, afterwards Professor of Greek at University College. Uniting these powers of close and persistent industry in grappling with the mystery of particles and the irregular verbs, with a memory like an encyclopædia, with keen powers of analysis, and with all but the highest gifts of eloquence, Thomas Babington Macaulay seemed marked out by nature as the rival of the most accomplished and powerful advocates in Westminster Hall.

But his heart was not in the Law. His temper was short and imperious. He soon lost his coolness under a rebuff. He had little taste for the attorney's work of the courts, for the short scuffling fence of cross-examination, and for that higgling over petty points of law, where reason and authority are alike against you, which constitutes the staple work at *Nisi Prius*. Perhaps the two or three years' office drudgery which Brougham suggested might, like Maule's pot of porter, have brought Macaulay down to the level of the Barons of the Exchequer. But his literary instincts were too strong within him; and when the ivory gates of the *Edinburgh Review* were once opened to him, he threw away his "Term Reports," "Chitty's Practice," and his brief bag, and sat down at his desk, partly in the spirit of a devotee and partly in the spirit of a hard-headed man of business who, having set his hand to the plough, has no thought of looking back. Intending to live by literature, Macaulay made up his mind to make literature pay.

He was the first professional man of letters that took up his pen in the service

of the *Edinburgh Review*. Till then most of the men upon it had been amateurs, men, that is, who wrote for pleasure, not for bread. Of late years most of the writers who have distinguished themselves in the ranks of periodical or of general literature have been authors by profession, — Charles Dickens, Carlyle, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Tennyson, Froude, Charles Reade, Mark Lemon, John Forster, Shirley Brooks, and Robertson. Men like Sir Bulwer Lytton and Charles Kingsley, and men like Stuart Mill, Anthony Trollope, Tom Taylor, W. R. Greg, and Arthur Helps, are the exception. But in the early days of the *Edinburgh Review* all this was reversed. You could hardly then have found a dozen professional men of letters of the slightest note within the four seas. Coleridge, Southey, Tom Moore, Campbell, Lockhart, and Gifford, almost exhaust the list. The rest were newspaper hacks, or what Jeffrey, with a touch of vulgarity, haughtily called "gentlemen writers." Scott and Byron were at the head of the gentlemen writers. The author of the *Waverley Novels* was a clerk at the table of the Court of Session; the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" was a banker in Lombard Street; Christopher North was a professor of moral philosophy; Malthus and Crabbe were country parsons; Charles Lamb was a clerk in Leadenhall Street. And most of these men — all of them, I believe I may say, with the exception of Charles Lamb — were half ashamed of their contributions to the literature of the day. Scott refused to avow his novels. Byron hardly knew what to do with his copyrights, and with the bailiffs at his hall-door, with his household gods all shivered around him, returned Murray a cheque for a thousand guineas for "Childe Harold," rather than pollute his hands by taking money for his writings. To be thought poets by profession, like Wordsworth or the author of "Christabel," was odious to these men. Scott turned out poems and novels by the score, entering into time-contracts to deliver them, as a Manchester manufacturer enters into contracts to deliver bales of calico, a couple of novels in six months, and a poem of two or three thousand lines in nine months; but with all this, the work of spinning poetry and romances he set down as a mere incident of his partnership with the Ballantynes — a matter of £ s. d., and nothing more. And it was the same with Byron. The thought of being supposed to possess anything in common with "the literati of Murray's back shop," was gall and worm-

wood to him. "Elaborate," he says, protesting in a rage at the compliments of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Review* on "The Bride of Abydos" and "The Corsair," "elaborate — what do they mean by elaborate? You know they were written as fast as I could put pen to paper, that they were sent to the printer without the slightest revision, and that as they were printed so they were published. Elaborate, indeed!" Even the author of "The Borough," a man who but for his genius might have been a bookseller's porter, was not above this paltry affectation. "How odd," he says to Sir Walter Scott, "you wrote your 'Lay' to buy a new horse for the Volunteer cavalry, and I wrote 'The Village' to send my sons to college." Even journalists were not exempt from this foible. Tom Barnes hated to hear the *Times* spoken of in his presence, and thought it derogatory to his character as a gentleman to be known as the editor of the first newspaper in Europe. Thank Heaven, we have outgrown this silliness. Literature is now a profession. Authors are artists, and wish themselves to be thought artists. Style is a study; and the most popular of our men of letters cultivate the art of expression as assiduously as French critics. Here and there, perhaps, you may still find men who despise style, men who throw out their ideas as a hodman turns out bricks, and allow them to settle themselves by the law of gravitation. But as a rule the men who are now in the foremost ranks of literature and science — Kinglake, Froude, Ruskin, Newman, Lewes, Lytton, Huxley, Stuart Mill — are hardly less distinguished by their powers of expression than by their powers of thought. And at the head of these masters of style, at the head of these authors by profession, stands Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Tested by the Greek-like simplicity and directness which mark the highest artistic beauty, of course Macaulay's style is deficient. It is too garish. It wants light and shade. There is no perspective in it. It lacks repose. Now and then, too, it is tawdry. But when you have said this, you have said all. In the two cardinal points of style — in what De Quincey calls the art of brightening the intelligibility of a subject which is obscure to the understanding, and in the art of regenerating the normal power and impressiveness of a subject which has become dormant to the sensibilities — no man has surpassed Macaulay. And this was exactly what Jeffrey wanted. It was emphatically a "taking

style." You can read Macaulay when you can read nothing else. He is at his best as exhilarating as a glass of champagne. His glowing description and his sparkling criticism, his freshness and vigour, affect you when you open his volumes for the first time like magic; and recollecting the sensation which his articles produced when they were originally published — how eagerly they were scanned, how their epigrams, their antithetical forms and their picturesque illustrations, were caught up and reproduced in the House of Commons, in the newspapers, and in the conversation of every dinner-table — one can easily understand how John Murray, in a fit of generous rivalry, opened his heart to offer the copyright of "Childe Harold" to "old Zackary's son" to quit the *Edinburgh* and write for the *Quarterly*. These articles of Macaulay carried Constable's *Review* everywhere, and placed their author at once in the highest ranks of literature and society. "You must study Macaulay when you come to town," says Sydney Smith, writing to a friend in the country. "He is incomparably the first lion in the metropolis; that is, he writes, talks, and speaks better than any man in England." And this was only a reflection of the general opinion. Jeffrey thought his cleverness marvellous, Gifford eulogized the versification of his "Ode on the Deliverance of Venice from the Turks" as equal to Milton's best lines in its lofty harmony. Tom Moore met him at breakfast at Rogers's with Lord John Russell, Campbell, and Luttrell, and pronounced him off-hand "one of the most remarkable men of the day." "Macaulay," he says, noting down the pith of the conversation in his diary, "gave us an account of the state of the Monothelite controversy, as revived at present among some of the fanatics of the day. In the course of conversation, Campbell quoted a line, —

'Ye diners out from whom we guard our spoons,'

and looking over at me said significantly 'You ought to know that line.' I pleaded not guilty; upon which he said, 'It is in a poem that appeared in the *Times*, which everyone attributes to you.' But I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence, and said, to our great surprise, 'That is mine;' on which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib still,

better, on the subject of William Bankes's candidature for Cambridge, which so amused me when it appeared, and showed such power in that style of composition, that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally. 'That was mine also,' said Macaulay, thus discovering to us a new power, in addition to that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess." Nor was this all. Tory and Whig vied to strew his path with roses. Lord Lyndhurst gave him a sinecure of £10,000 a year. Holland House threw open its portals to him. The Marquis of Lansdowne brought him into Parliament for the Borough of Calne; and in the House of Commons, as everywhere else, in the *Times*, in the *Edinburgh Review*, at Rogers's breakfast table and in Lady Holland's drawing-room, the flash and sparkle of his style swept everything before him.

Perhaps there is no assembly in the world where more intellectual cleverness is thought less of than in the House of Commons. In what Mr. Bright is in the habit of calling the dark ages before '32, it was enough for a man to make a racy rattling speech in defence of the Church or the Crown, or to try his hand at seditious harangues upon rotten boroughs or Test and Corporation Acts, to force himself into the foremost ranks of his party either as a Tory or a Liberal. Pitt, as George the Third used to say, knew nothing of Vattel. The only history of England that he had read, if we are to take his own word, was Shakespeare. Fox led the Opposition without understanding a single principle of political economy; and if Sheridan could only have mastered the mystery of fractions, he might have been Chancellor of the Exchequer. Eloquence, and eloquence alone, was the only gift this race of statesmen possessed in a pre-eminent degree; but in the days of Pitt and Fox and Sheridan, this single gift was the passport to the highest offices of the State. Eloquence of course will never lose its charm; and in the House of Commons, as everywhere else, the man who can put his thoughts into terse and vivid forms will always find willing listeners. But except when allied with information, experience, and high personal character, the richest and most diversified eloquence will never again be what it has been in the state, the "open sesame" to the highest honours of the Law and of Politics.

Government now takes its rank among the sciences; and politicians are forming themselves into a sort of professional class.

Most of the men who are now to be found in the front ranks of the Conservative and Liberal parties, are men who have made the arts of Parliamentary management and statecraft the business of their lives; and this will be the case more and more in the future. One of the most accomplished and persuasive speakers at present to be found in the Parliamentary ranks was pooh-poohed a year or two ago by Mr. Disraeli as a mere silvered mediocrity, a mere manufacturer of phrases, to use Napoleon's expression; and while scores of these accomplished and persuasive speakers are sitting on the back benches or below the gangway, men who can hardly put their sentences together in logical order, but who possess the special experience and information that these silvered mediocrities lack, take their seat on the Treasury Bench as Secretaries of State.

When Macaulay first appeared in Parliament, the House of Commons had not acquired that intensely practical tone of thought which characterizes it at present. The shades of Fox, Burke, Plunkett, and Grattan still lingered about the Speaker's chair; and Macaulay's style of oratory, with its glitter and its antithesis, with its picturesque forms of expression and its wealth of historical illustration, revived the fading recollections of that polished and epigrammatic eloquence which had been but faintly kept alive through the duller years of our Parliamentary history by the genius and culture of Canning. It was a new sensation to hear the most brilliant of Edinburgh Reviewers repeating his articles from the back benches of the ministerial ranks; and almost at a bound the author of the Political Georgics and of the articles on Milton and Machiavelli leapt into the foremost ranks of Parliamentary orators. His speech on India was pronounced by the Speaker, Mr. Manners Sutton, the best he had ever heard. Sir James Mackintosh spoke in still higher terms of the speeches on Parliamentary Reform. They were, he said, the finest ever spoken in Parliament. Of course this, like most of Sir James Mackintosh's eulogy, was pitched in too high a key. But Jeffrey hit the mark with his usual critical precision, in pronouncing them superior to everything except Mr. Stanley's, and inferior to his only in the style of their delivery. In closeness, fire, and vigour they surpass all the rest of the speeches on the Reform Bill to be found in the pages of "Hansard."

But every contemporary critic agrees in saying that it was very different to read these speeches in the *Times* and to listen to

them in the gallery of the House of Commons. All you heard there was a harsh, shrill voice, a voice without a note of music in it, pouring out a torrent of words without the slightest variation of tone, without the slightest attempt at emphasis, without a single pause of any description. All you thought of in listening to Macaulay, said a keen critic at the time, was an express train, which did not stop even at the chief stations. "On, on he speeds, in full reliance on his own momentum, never stopping for words, never stopping for thoughts, never halting for an instant even to take breath, his intellect gathering new vigour as he proceeds, hauling the subject after him, and all its possible attributes and illustrations, with the strength of a giant, leaving a line of light on the pathway his mind has trod, till, unexhausted and apparently inexhaustible, he brings this remarkable effort to a close by a peroration so highly sustained in its declamatory power, so abounding in illustration, so admirably framed to crown and clench the whole oration, that surprise, if it has even begun to wear off, kindles anew, and the hearer is left utterly prostrate and powerless by the whirlwind of ideas and emotions that has swept over him."

And if there was little in his action or his voice to recommend Macaulay's speeches, there was still less in his personal appearance. What you saw when you fixed your eye upon the owner of that shrill, monotonous voice, was a short, thickset man, as stiff as an automaton, with a head and shoulders like those of a codfish, standing with his left hand thrown behind his back, and using his right now and then without any particular grace to emphasize a sentence by a series of short, sharp jerks. All the expression of his face lay in his eye. This was of a deep blue, and distinguished, like Jeffrey's, by its keenness and brilliancy. His hair was of a beautiful jet black. Yet as you listened to this automaton, with its glittering blue eyes, its swarthy complexion, and its rounded features, chiselled apparently in miniature, pouring forth its stream of felicitous sentences, the stiff and boyish form disappeared by magic, and even the shrill voice ceased to grate on the ear, as you followed that masterly and symmetrical discussion of the question, so ingenious, so thoughtful, so rich in fine illustrations, that you held your breath to listen—to the excogitations of the moment? Hardly; for though Macaulay spoke without the slightest assistance from notes or MS. of any kind, no one could lis-

ten to him for ten sentences together and doubt that every word of his speech had been conned over in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn or the Albany, as carefully as if they were intended for the keen eye of Jeffrey in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Macaulay, like Demosthenes, never trusted his success to fortune. All his speeches, or at least the principal parts, were, like Lord Brougham's, written out beforehand, learned by rote, and then poured forth in the House of Commons in the style of a Pundit repeating the Vedas, without the omission of a particle, and at the same time apparently without anything but the very slightest appreciation of their meaning. There are but two speeches of Macaulay's that make any pretension to be impromptu—that in reply to Orator Hunt on the Anatomy Bill, and that on the War with China; and it does not require the eye of a critic to trace out considerable passages even in these that had been jotted down at his desk and turned over in his memory in the course of his walk from Lincoln's Inn to the House. This habit of preparing his speeches grew upon him so strongly in the course of years, that it was a positive pain and embarrassment to him at last to be called upon to speak even a dozen sentences off-hand.

You may trace these marks of labour, I think, in all his speeches and in all his essays. Glowing as they do with life—the work, apparently, of a man whose imagination bred thoughts and illustrations with poetic profusion, who never knew what it was to pause for an apt or picturesque expression—all his writings were, nevertheless, the work of a deeply meditating mind and of a laborious pen. With a group of friends like those he met at Lansdowne House, at Bowood, or in St. James's Place, with Tom Moore and Dean Milman or Campbell at his side, Macaulay never ceased to talk till he had reduced everyone else to silence, unless Sydney Smith or Jeffrey happened to be within earshot. He was the tyrant of the table, and rarely tolerated any talk but his own. Jeffrey used to quiz him on one of his achievements in this line at Sir J. Stephens's, where he first silenced his host by a disquisition on the Monothelite controversy, afterwards sent Lord Monteagle to sleep with an account of the classical acquirements of Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, and spent the rest of the evening very pleasantly in pure soliloquy. And this is borne out to the letter by Sydney Smith's

suggestive compliment to his rival upon his occasional flashes of silence after his return from India. "But I do not believe," Sydney Smith used to say, "that Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, 'Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that.'" His thoughts were like flashes of lightning. "While other men were thinking what to say and how to say it, Macaulay said it all and a great deal more." His memory was prodigious. It surpassed even that of Sir James Mackintosh, and his powers of illustration were equal to those of Jeffrey. Teeming with thought, criticism, apt quotation and racy illustrations, and endowed with high animal spirits, a quick and pugnacious temper, Macaulay sat still only when compelled by sheer force, and then only for a few seconds. A professional talker or a rival he put down in an instant, without the slightest hesitation or compunction, and trampled upon him into the bargain if he showed any signs of resistance. Casting his eye round the table with his quick glance of penetration and decision, he threw up his thumb with a jerk of impatience, after his fashion in the House of Commons, and broke in at the first pause with "I can tell you something better than that." "Of Macaulay's range of knowledge," says Tom Moore, "anything may be believed, so wonderful is his memory;" and as an illustration he tells us how, at a breakfast at Monckton Milnes', Macaulay astonished and amused the guests by his familiarity with the old Irish slang ballads, "The night before Larry was stretched," &c., many of which he ran off as glibly as his own Political Georgics. "He certainly," says Moore, "obeys most wonderfully Eloisa's injunction, 'Do all things but forget.'" The hearer often longed for Macaulay's memory, says one who had often sat by his side, to carry off what he heard in a single morning, in an after-dinner colloquy, or in a few hours in a country-house.

And yet with all the enthusiasm that Macaulay inspired by his talk, no one has made any but the meagrest attempts to preserve a few scraps of it. "Anecdote, touches of character, drollery, fun, excellent stories excellently told," is all that Dean Milman takes the trouble to say of it; and Moore gives us very little more. "He seized upon an idea," Mrs. Beecher Stowe says, "and turned it inside out and shook it on all sides, just as one might play with the lustrous of a chandelier, to see them

glisten." This was his forte; and with the aid of a memory that never failed, and with powers of illustration that were all but overwhelming, Macaulay, in his conversation as in his speeches and his writings, surprised and charmed everybody by his sparkling and epigrammatic eloquence.

What part of this was the inspiration of the moment, as in the case of Sydney Smith's sallies, and what part the result of preparation, as in the case of Sheridan, it is, I suppose, impossible now to say, unless Sir Charles Trevelyan or Mr. Ellis will rifle his desk and publish every memorandum and every hint to be found there for our information. Even without this, however, we know enough of his *secrets d'atelier* to know that at his desk the most profuse and brilliant of table talkers was as laborious and painstaking an artist as ever took up a pen to earn a guinea by a political squib or an ode in a newspaper. Take up a page of Jeffrey or Sydney Smith, and you can hardly distinguish it from their hastiest notes of chit-chat and criticism upon the topics of the day. Pen in hand these men wrote exactly as they talked, and in their most off-hand conversation you may trace the critical acuteness and the wild rollicking wit that marked all their writings.

But Macaulay at his desk and Macaulay at a dinner-table formed as striking a contrast as Sir Alexander Cockburn in a shooting coat and a bowler hat, chatting with a group of laughing girls at a picnic, and Sir Alexander Cockburn in the scarlet robes, the gold chain, and the full-bottomed wig of the Lord Chief Justice. Macaulay no sooner takes up his pen than he becomes as stiff and stilted as literary pipeclay and buckram can make him. Where he has been easy and flowing, he is epigrammatic and antithetical. Illustration is piled on illustration till the thought is lost in a sort of Rosamond's bower. He must be vivid. He must be striking. He must be picturesque. Every sentence must be revised, and pruned, and burnished, till it has attained the highest gloss that a set of words in that form can bear. You never catch Macaulay in his dressing-gown and slippers. He is always in full dress, with his sword and his bag and wig. You never detect his thought in the process of making. He never permits you to see a page of his writing in the form in which it has left his desk. It must be all copied out in a fine Roman hand before it meets your eye. You never see his hand in his work. What he offers you is the work complete. And in this complete form it has but one fault. It wants a touch or two of Nature. It is

too artistic, too cold. The style is too impersonal. Of its kind it is of course perfect; and perhaps no man ever wrote with more precision than the most brilliant of the Edinburgh Reviewers. I do not believe it is possible to find a single loose or slipshod sentence in all his writings. You might as well search for a halting line or a false quantity in "Virgil," as search for a solecism in Macaulay's English. Perhaps now and then you may detect him in using an *ad captandum* illustration, as in the case of his comparison of Mourad Bey and Napoleon and his description of the astonishment of the Mamelukes when they found a man who was scarcely five feet high, and rode like a butcher, the greatest soldier in Europe. But, as a rule, every suggestion even in an illustration of this kind is as authentic as one of Hallam's notes; for with all his powers of imagination, Macaulay preferred to take even his most trifling touches of portraiture from the personal recollections of contemporary critics to developing them, like the novelist, from the depths of his own consciousness. He had a keen eye for the slightest hint that could be turned to account in sketching the portrait of a man, and you have only to turn to his essays at random, to Addison, Chatham, Clive, Hastings, or Machiavelli, to see at a glance how thoroughly he read up his subject, how he ransacked the top shelves of old libraries for political squibs, for old diaries, and volumes of correspondence, for folios that might appal even the heart of the stoutest commentator, and for novels and poems that had been sent to the trunkmaker by their own authors as soon as they had passed through the press, to pick up hints that might enable him to form a more vivid and picturesque conception of a scene, or to get closer to a great statesman, a soldier, or a man of letters; any hints from which he could gather the chit-chat of Lady Killigrew and her sisters as they sat in the lonely oriel over their embroidery while the horns were sounding and the dogs in full cry; or how Queen Anne's maids of honour killed their time a hundred and eighty years ago, how far their minds were cultivated, what were their favourite studies, what degree of liberty was allowed to them, what use they made of that liberty, what accomplishments they most valued in men, and what proofs of tenderness delicacy permitted them to give to favoured suitors; or any suggestions by which he could add a fresh touch to his portraits of Walpole, Addison, Clive, Hastings, or Temple.

To the tastes and industry of an anti-

quarian Macaulay added an imagination as vivid and picturesque as Sir Walter Scott's, and some of the most striking and brilliant bits of portraiture and description to be found in his writings are obviously the result of an amount of reading and research that would have broken the heart of an ordinary bookworm. Most of his essays are thus histories in miniature, historiettes, reproducing on a small scale a succession of scenes and a series of portraits that might with a little amplification in the details be worked up into a volume.

Upon what models Macaulay formed his style it is not easy to say with precision. You may trace the influence of many writers in its growth,—of Plautus, of Livy, of Thucydides, of Petrarch, of Dante, of Milton, and of Scott. And yet when you come to compare it with the style of these men, you find so much in Macaulay that you find in none of these, taken by themselves, that you are driven to the conclusion that his style, after all, is what it generally is in the case of every man of genius—a development of his own intellectual tendencies. His style is his own; and his style is the man. Take up any of his boyish contributions to *Knight's Magazine*—his paper on the Italian Poets, or that on the Athenian Orators—and you find there the same rapid and picturesque narrative, the same vivid sketch of men and scenes, the same condensation and point that you find in richer and more varied forms in his contributions to the *Edinburgh* and in his *History*. And there, too, you find almost as conspicuously what Sir George Lewis called the touch of the showman—that girlish affectation of tinsel ornament which offends the eye so frequently, even in his latest writings. These touches of the showman seem to me to prove that Macaulay's taste, after all, was not as keen and critical as one might have anticipated in so accomplished a scholar and so laborious a workman; for Macaulay never wrote in haste, and revised everything that he wrote with the greatest nicety. His first rough draft was absolutely illegible from erasures and corrections. It was written on official foolscap, with the lines full an inch apart. This, however, formed but a rough outline of the essay. When the keel had thus been laid down, Macaulay began the work of amplification and revision; and when that was complete, you could hardly find space on the page to stick a pin's point. Prescott saw two or three of these pages of the MS. of his *History*. "You have no

conception," he says, "of the amount of labour that one of these sheets of foolscap represents." But this MS. was never sent to the printer. It was copied out by Macaulay in a hand almost as bold and legible as large pica. Of his habits and hours of work, little is known. When in London, he generally spent most of the morning in the reading-room of the British Museum, and his evenings at his desk. His favourite hours of work, I believe, were those of the morning. But upon this point he "humoured his disposition," like Gray. If the work palled upon him, he took up his hat and stick and started off for a stroll, generally taking a book in his pocket when in the country. Plautus was his favourite, and in a note to one of his poems he tells us how he spent many an idle hour rambling on the beach with his book in his hand, turning the *Rudens* of the Roman poet into what he supposed to be the original Greek. In London, he varied this diversion by visiting the book stalls, to pick up rare or original editions of old books, or by strolling through the Seven Dials in search of ballads. He was as fond of these as Sir Walter Scott, and spent the whole of one long vacation, it is said, in a stroll through the northern counties collecting a set. When living alone in the Albany, Jeffrey tells us that Macaulay, like Charles Dickens, often threw down his pen at midnight, and strolled out into the silent streets, to walk about for two or three hours. He thought the silence and solitude of a great city favourable to meditation, and generally returned to his desk with a fresh stock of vivid and picturesque thoughts. A keen eye, in looking through Macaulay's essays, may, I think, trace many images and illustrations struck out in the course of these rambles. Johnson, in his criticism on Gray, laughed at this habit of his and Macaulay's of

writing only when what Byron called the *estro* was on. But it is, I suspect, the habit of most men with whom writing is anything more than a mechanical employment. It was the habit of Byron, of Shelley, and of Burns: and it is a habit that is commended by one who understood the artistic temperament in all its moods. "When you begin to tire of your work," says Leslie, "leave off. Otherwise you will probably injure it. You will certainly injure yourself."

I intended to say something of Macaulay as a thinker, as a critic, as a historian. But I must close. It was as an Edinburgh Reviewer that the commoner of Trinity College won his spurs in the field of literature; and it is as the most brilliant of Edinburgh Reviewers that he will be recollected. His History, in itself but a fragment, is for the most part an elaboration of his Essays; and, except as specimens of style, his speeches have no more value than the first dozen speeches on the Irish Land Bill that you may select from the *Times* blindfolded. The Essays are of their kind superb; and they promise to live as long as the English language. They have influenced the style of English writers more, perhaps, than the writings of any man of our time, except Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens; and with all their faults, they have not yet lost the charm by which their author won his unexampled popularity thirty years ago.

If Francis Jeffrey was the critic and metaphysician of the *Edinburgh Review*, Sydney Smith its wit, and Brougham its statesman, Macaulay may be called its rhetorician; and it speaks significantly for the influence of a sparkling style that Macaulay has been able by his style, and by his style alone, to carry off the highest honours that have been won in our day by a professional man of letters.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
PAPAL ROME.

THE flâneurs and dilettanti of the world are fallen upon evil times. Just as Paris threatens to be made uninhabitable to them, Rome has passed out of the power of her Pontiffs. Up to a certain point, it is to be feared that progress must have its way, and progress is generally prosaic. Notwithstanding that the performance of the new Italian kingdom has fallen so far short of its splendid promise, yet it has

done something: it has grubbed up a good many romantic landmarks. Italy is not the Italy of Samuel Rogers. The times are already prehistoric when you could drop down the Brenta in an "ark" drawn by "lagging mules," with harlequins, poets, soubrettes, and itinerant actors generally making your way less long—when children, lovely as cherubs, tottered up to your carriage door under the weight of freely offered bunches of purple grapes. Nowadays you take your ticket, first or second

class, just as you might at Birmingham or Manchester. You disappear into tunnels as you are evoking the shade of Horace and contemplating the snowy brow of Soracte, or are feasting your eyes on the wild gorges by Itri. The old-fashioned hosteleries have enrolled themselves emulously on Mr. Cook's excursion register, and acknowledge his coupons good for bed, breakfast, and dinner; and you pay at the door for the privilege of going over Pompeii as if you were going to make a happy day at Rosherville Gardens or Cremorne. The swarms of beggars and the bands of bandits are about the only relics of the good old days, and these the most bigoted *laudator temporis acti* might reconcile himself to dispense with.

But, amid all these changes for the worse, the march of civilization had given a wide berth to the precincts of the Eternal City. It is true the iron horse—long withstood as the fell precursor of vandalism, enlightenment, the Piedmontese, and the revolution—had set his sacrilegious hoof in the very shadow of the Vatican. In the ears of pessimists the shriek of the engine reverberated as painfully ominous of the beginning of the end. Yet the end might be remote enough; for, comforting themselves with the experience of the past, they fondly trusted still to the proved obstructive capacity of the Pontiff. Things looked sufficiently black in 1848, and yet the successor of Peter had come back from Gaeta and his liberal ideas, and was napping drowsily in his chair as of old, hedged in by a bran-new steel fence of French bayonets. That fence, to be sure, was founded upon a particular form of French Government—a foundation by no means so stable as the sacred rock on which the Holy Church had reposed *ex seculis seculorum*. But habits of Rome lose the habit of taking much thought for the morrow, and yield insensibly to the influence of the priestly watchword, *Après nous le déluge*. The sublime self-confidence of the priestly Court was perhaps infectious. The Pope would take no hints, nor deprecate the intrusion of an Italian sanitary corps by setting his own people to work at the cleansing of his Augean stables. He had no idea of assuring his temporal power by convincing public opinion that he was disposed to exercise it in accordance with modern ideas. Still he coerced his fractious children for their good, bearing with resignation the heavy expense they put him to in the way of foreign mercenaries. Still he offered promiscuous sanctuary to each pious brigand

who consecrated his bloody stiletto to the chastisement of Italian infidels and the spoliation of foreign heretics. Still he thrust that unclean thing, Protestantism, outside his gates at the risk of offending his best clients and paymasters, and still he sorely vexed the stiff-necked Hebrews who hung their harps on the willows by the Tiber. Still he provided gratuitous accommodation in his spacious prison for those guilty of independent thought, and still he rigorously ransacked his visitors' luggage at his frontiers for the pernicious modern literature he solemnly tabooed. Still men of the best blood in his States could only make way in their little world by renouncing it, entering it by the door of the Church, and muffling their minds and movements in the priestly gown. Still men of the middle class were debarred from the privileges of a liberal career. The practice of law was about on a par with the profession of medicine, where barbers butchered and bled, where blessed images were sovereign specifics, and where the grandest triumphs of surgery and medicine were due to the miraculous interposition of the saints. Still the peasants tilled the pestiferous soil, shorn as close as the sheep of their own Campagna in springtime; shorn until a transfer to the close-clipping shears of Italian tax-gatherers must actually be intense relief. In short, the supreme Pontiff had left the dust of ages undisturbed all over the place, and even when accidents raised it in clouds now and again, the eye of Catholic faith never failed to pierce them and project itself forward into a long bright future.

Now that there seems some prospect of Rome being swept and garnished, we heretic guests who used to grumble begin to realize the full measure of our ingratitude. The Pope never oppressed us nor annoyed us very seriously. He kept us waiting at his gate while uneducated censors of literature overhauled our Tauchnitz editions of heresy; for the benefit of the treasury he made us pay for visés and submit to irksome passport regulations; and for the same reason he forced us into a dilemma between smoking baioccho cigars and paying fabulous prices for anything better. But then it was for our sakes he preserved the esthetic and picturesque element in his dominions, to the utter sacrifice of his subjects. There is no greater comfort to a man with a subject of complaint than to find himself surrounded by others infinitely worse off than himself; and if you had been deprived of

a handful of books or mulcted for a visé after a tedious detention at the Neapolitan frontier, you could not help brightening up at the sight of the dismal hovels and death-stricken faces you passed in the Pontine Marshes. We should by no means care ourselves to live all the year round in a cottage ornée in the Campagna. Even the Doria Pamphili, loveliest of Roman villas, high as it stands, is deadly in the summer months. But what can be more delightful than the gallop through its savage desolation? here a red-thatched hut and there a solitary farm, just life enough to relieve the brooding oppression of an absolute desert. What a change from Durhams, or even the white Tuscany oxen, to the Campagna buffaloes, standing in green-mantled water up to their great horns and savage little eyes! Evidently the cattle breeders have never passed their frontier. They may not be profitable, and would fetch but a moderate price as beef at Leadenhall; yet in point of effect the one is to the other as the wild figure in uncouth sheepskins and unkempt hair to the sleek English clown in blouse and hobnails. That herdsman of the wilds is the veritable child of Catholicism and nature, reared immediately under the eyes of the Pope, within easy sound of the bells of St. Peter's, if not quite under the windows of the Vatican. He represents the perfection of education according to unerring wisdom—in other words, none at all. That his highest interests are safe, we trust we may take for granted. His spiritual father answers for him, and sundry sins may be lightly atoned by penal fines when you can plead bestial ignorance in extenuation. Therefore, if the Campagna peasant does not mind racking rheumatism, alternate fever fits of chilling cold and parching heat, and a premature return to the fetid earth whence he shot up fungus-like, perhaps his lot is an enviable one. There can be no doubt he makes a pleasant object in the eyes of a party of English visitors, and comes in tellingly like the stone pines and weed-grown aqueducts in the sketches of an English picnic party.

Go within the walls and it is the same thing. All over the place you are conscious of what one may call the cathedral odour compounded of vault and earth and decaying wood. The houses in the streets take after the pagan ruins; the dilapidation is contagious, and they begin to crumble. The immemorial rubbish mounds swell steadily, burying deeper every day the wrecks of the Kings, the Republic, the Empire, and the early Church. Everything lies in solemn

neutral tint, except here and there some muzzled Liberal has symbolized his revolutionary leanings by smearing over the sad tones of his premises with whitewash. Then the population is artistically distributed, as if the chief end of their being were the furnishing subjects to the photographer. Here you have a quarter like the Ghetto—and there are many Christian Ghettos—swarming with life like a mouldy cheese. You have to pick your way along the gutter banks among sprawling infants, while those of somewhat riper age entangle themselves in your legs, as in the religious light you grope out and in among the odoriferous traffic in the centre of the street. When you lift your eyes to the thread of sky high overhead you find the persevering rays that struggle downwards refracted at each of the numerous floors by countless protruded heads. It is the effects of an Oriental bazaar without the blaze and the sparkle—the picturesque, in its austere solemn aspect, as befits the City of Churches and the stagnant fountain of the Catholic faith. But a little of it goes a very long way, as you feel when you expand your lungs in the comparatively salubrious air of some piazzetta, with a ruined temple in front, a stupendous refuse heap on one side, and a fragrant sewer on the other. Here, however, the sacred authorities kill two birds with one stone. In flattering the tastes of the visitor by preserving dirt and distress unimpaired in distant quarters they do what lies in their power for the health of the inhabitants. Admitting the fair Campagna must remain a pious swamp, and the genius of malaria must be suffered to flap his wings over the devoted city, next to votive offerings and dear-bought priestly intercession, excessive crowding is found to be the best way of keeping him in respect. You leave this picturesque crowding for the sublime desolation of adjacent quarters. You mope along interminable streets, which except that the vast buildings have their roofs on and glass in their windows, while the climate admits of grass growing among the paving-stones, might remind you of Tadmor in the Wilderness, or the Giant Cities of Bashan. Here and there a stray figure glides past a portal as if to indicate the proportions of the architecture. Now and then a venerable porter opens a shutter in the vast blank face of a huge palace to peer out upon the waste. Then as you saunter by desolate side lanes the sound of chastened revelry breaks in on the solemn stillness, and you come upon a group of brawny pensioners and parasites

clustered over their soup tins round the hospitable portals of a convent. The monks have a natural sympathy with able-bodied idleness, and regard with complacency those strapping paupers fattening upon the crumbs that fall from their vicariously spread tables. The great charm of Papal Rome used to be, that, turn whither you would, there was nothing to reproach you with the aimless life you led there. The tone of society was inspired you knew, and that tone was distinctly drowsy. If you could not rival in faith the college of cardinals and its priestly satellites, you could in the absence of work. Even the legitimate desire of gain could not tempt the tradesmen of the Corso and Babuino to bustle about among their scarves and cameos. Even the sense that he lived from hand to mouth would not rouse the beggar on the flags of the piazzas to loll into a sitting posture when he volubly cursed your want of charity. If you paid your coachman by the course, his horses jogged as if you hired him by the hour. If you dropped into your Italian banker's his clerks were having their siesta, or exhibiting premonitory symptoms of drowsiness, or rubbing their eyes after waking from their slumbers. The sharp paving-stones opposed themselves to your walking, and made it absolutely necessary to send your horse to the city gates if you meant to ride. There were no journals in the cafés and no light to read them by, had the mist of rancid tobacco been less dense. The English Club and the smoking-rooms in the English hotels were the only places where you woke up. There you found restless birds of passage actually taxing themselves to play billiards, or warming up into political arguments. And they were rather a warning than an example. You knew you were right—that in supine indolence lay the culmination of human perfectibility; for did not the infallible Pontiff himself set the example, and all his acolytes scrupulously practise what they preached? If we are to have all this sort of thing upset with the Papal throne, whatever are we to do, or whither in the wide world are we to go? If the Italians come to theorize upon activity there, we do not suspect them of practising it. Where are we to seek another Rome? There was but one city in the world where you could go to sleep among antiquities and art treasures with an easy conscience, and point proudly to your classical surroundings as the reason of your blameless life.

From The Saturday Review.
VILLAGE POLITICS IN FRANCE.

WHILE every gamin in Paris is shouting "Vive la République!" graver heads are anxiously asking themselves "How long is the Republic likely to live?" And this, it must be remembered, is no longer a question that depends simply on the mobility of the gamin of Paris or the humour of the Faubourg St. Antoine. If the later Napoleonism has done nothing else, it has freed France from the despotism of its capital and greater towns. Prefect and priest have for the last twenty years been busy teaching the peasant proprietors of the country that the safety of the nation lies in their hands, and the peasant has learnt a lesson so flattering to his pride with very natural avidity. He is quite conscious that it was he who, in the teeth of "those gentlemen of Paris," placed the Emperor on the throne, and that it was his emphatic "Yes" in plébiscite after plébiscite which retained him there. With what sort of favour he is likely to regard, when once war has ceased to absorb his whole attention, a revolution which springs out of a street row, and a government which consists simply of the deputies of Paris, it is not very difficult to guess. But it is far harder to say in what way the peasant will regard the question of the Republic itself. The truth is, we know next to nothing of the condition or the sympathies of rural France. The peasant is nowhere an easy person to become really acquainted with, and the French peasant is the least easy of all. He is far pleasanter to talk to than his English namesake, but he is just as distrustful. He has a sort of animal secrecy and wariness, and in the presence of men of better station and education than himself, although he is quite ready to display a democratic consciousness of equality which would be odd on this side of the Channel, he has all the caution and reticence of instinctive fear. Books help us very little indeed; nine out of ten French novels never stir beyond the Parisian boulevards, and the few that do, with one illustrious exception, either confine themselves, like Balzac, to country towns, or invent imaginary scenes of country innocence and repose. Perhaps the one person who knows the French people best is the Englishman who wanders from village to village with a knapsack on his back.

What strikes such a stranger most in the village population is its terrible ignorance. With Germany and Switzerland on one side of it, with England on the other, the educational standard of France is almost

as low as that of Spain or Southern Italy. Among the facts that have most startled the Germans in the present war is the inability of half the prisoners they have taken to read or write. Many even of the officers cannot sign their own names. But any one who has penetrated much into the rural life of France knows that this is only a fair indication of the educational state of the country. No doubt efforts have been made of late, especially under the administration of M. Duruy, to cope with this mass of ignorance; and M. Jules Simon has done more than justice to the energy shown by the Imperial Government. Schools have been built and the number of teachers greatly increased, but the quality of the instruction given remains as wretched as ever. The wretched pittance given to the school-master would counteract the good intentions of a thousand Ministers of Public Instruction. Simply to procure bread, the wretched dominie has to eke out his living by acting as clerk to the sous-préfet, if he is settled in a country town; or if in a village, by serving as bell-ringer, acolyte, church-sweeper to the priest. The value of the instruction given can easily be conjectured. That it has failed to produce any real effect on the prejudices or the superstitions of the peasant may be judged from the complaints of the priests themselves. In a parish of the South it is the usage to present to the curé certain wooden images, bearing the names of saints, but whose form shows them to be figures of the older gods of heathenism, which become by his benediction sovereign charms against certain bodily ailments. One parish priest of late years threw them boldly into the fire, but an epidemic which broke out among the cattle brought him to his senses and the custom was restored. His successor was more resolute. He burned the images, and nearly paid for the act with his life. The parish rose against him, and he had to take refuge in a compromise. He procured figures of the saints themselves, a little more artistically carved, but the peasants declared they were good for nothing, and refused him all supplies for the reparation of his church. As a rule, however, the curé contents himself with a silent protest against the grosser ignorance around him. He is himself a peasant, the son of a peasant; and his slender stipend of some 40*l.* or 60*l.* a year makes him dependent on the offerings of his flock. He shares their prejudices, and his exclusively ecclesiastical training has raised him little above their own level of culture. We remember

chatting with a Norman priest beneath the shadow of one of the grandest minsters in France on the subject of English religion. He was proud of his knowledge of the subject, and it amounted to this, that the "église nationale" was "Protestante Methodistique." From this position it was impossible to move him; he had once been to Paris, and at the Exposition he had seen a Methodist chapel, and his mind was made up. That there are learned men among the French clergy we do not deny; that there are men of the highest holiness is plain from an such an instance as that of the Curé d'Ars; and the political power they exercise over their flocks is unquestionable. But, as a rule, the tone of the peasant towards his curé is that of good-humoured contempt. "What is that building?" we remember asking a country hostess in Picardy, as we pointed to a huge edifice by the side of the Church of St. Riquier. "It is nothing but 'une pépinière de prêtres,'" she replied, with a smile. A class so regarded is necessarily incapable of exercising any great influence for the improvement of the country, but it does not follow that it is destitute of power when it plays on the prejudice and ignorance around it. And just now the temptation to play on them is very strong indeed. The ordinary curé has but two interests in the world — Rome and his stipend. Rome is his religion; his stipend is his bread. For these he is quite prepared to fight to the death; and the announcement of a Republic is a threat to both. If he has let the Emperor fall so quietly, it is in great measure because, in withdrawing the bulk of his troops from Rome, he believes the Emperor to have betrayed the Pope. But a Republican Government is certain to be indifferent to the fate of the Pope and the Papacy. What comes still more home to the priest is the danger to his actual livelihood. The absolute separation of Church from State, so long advocated by M. Louis Blanc, is now the accepted creed of the Republican party. If they remain in power, they are pledged to annul the work of the First Napoleon in ecclesiastical as in civil matters. But there is not a priest in France that will not make a fight for his 60*l.* a year. In such a contest all will depend on the view he can induce the peasant to take of his own risk from the Republic.

Active political preferences the peasant has none. To his monotonous life of labour the substitution of one ruler for another makes very little difference indeed. Here and there, as in Champagne, the

"Napoleonic legend" still flourishes, just as Orleanism survives in the commercial towns; but the peasant will not expend a sou for the Imperial dynasty any more than the merchant will raise a hand for the Count of Paris. What, however, Napoleonism has done for his political education is to arouse in his mind an intense aversion to being governed by the towns. Power has for twenty years rested on the votes of the peasantry, and the peasant can hardly like to see his work overthrown by an *émeute* in the streets. A Republic means the rule of the shopkeeper, and he hates and envies the shopkeeper. Above all, it is "a government of lawyers," and meshed, as he very commonly is, in lawsuits and mortgages, he regards the lawyer as his natural foe. And here he finds himself at one with the sympathies of a class which has still a perceptible influence on rural opinion—the Legitimists. The shabby young marquis who lounges along the shore of some little Breton watering-place is utterly powerless to obtain what he likes; but it by no means follows that he is powerless to destroy, or at least to induce others to destroy, what he does not like. The Empire was partly of his own making. In his eyes it was a mere usurpation, of course; a mere continuance of the *régime* of iniquity and fraud which had robbed him and his ancestors of their rents since '89. But still he never repented having helped to make it. In the first place, it made Paris brighter and pleasanter, and his month's fling in Paris is the holiday for which the young marquis scrapes and starves during the rest of the year. And, in the second place, its hand lay very heavily on the classes who robbed him and his, the *bourgeoisie* and the *ouvrier*, the Dantons and Marats and Robespierres of whom he believes the Republican party to be composed. He could pardon very much of the man who had to a certain extent avenged his wrongs, and who had been clever enough to trample under foot the democracy that had ridden over the necks of his ancestors. This was what the marquis meant when he took his cigarette from his lips and assured you that the Emperor was "très-intelligent." To a Legitimist of this sort the proclamation of a Republic is simply the getting up again of a foe whom he had for the last twenty years

seen on the ground with immense satisfaction. He can hardly help being irritated, and, slight as his direct influence is, he can manage in some degree to communicate his irritation to the peasant. The old jealousy of the aristocracy which caused the rejection of De Tocqueville in 1848 by the farmers of his village, on the ground that he was "a noble," has pretty well died away, and if the balance of opinion in the country districts once really wavers, the bitterness of the Legitimist party may tell fatally against the Republic. But, if it wavers at all, it will hardly waver for political reasons. The life of the peasant is chained to his bit of land; he is a proprietor, not a politician. Proclamations about a federation of the Latin peoples, declamations against the penalty of death, the rhetoric of Victor Hugo, the logic of Jules Favre, are all without the slightest meaning or interest to him. So long as those gentlemen of Paris like to amuse themselves with these, he is not likely to stir. So long as his bit of land is safe, Republic or Empire is alike to him. But for twenty years he has been assiduously taught that a Republic means peril to property. To him the red flag means pillage, and, though Gambetta has managed for the moment to put it aside, it waits its turn to supersede the tricolour. Louis Blanc is a polished and gentlemanly man to those who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance in London, but the peasant of France has not had that pleasure, and to him the reappearance of Louis Blanc means the reappearance of Communism. The elections for the Constituent Assembly will soon let us see in what temper the French villager regards the new institutions of his country. But it would be a great mistake to suppose, as has lately been supposed, that the similarity of the last Revolution to its predecessors means that Paris is still France, and that her political convictions will impose themselves on the country. Paris, fighting the enemy, is simply allowed to fight him in her own way; but, fighting once over, the natural relations of things can hardly fail to be restored, and the French statesman will have to look for the solution of its administrative problems, as during the Empire, in its village politics.